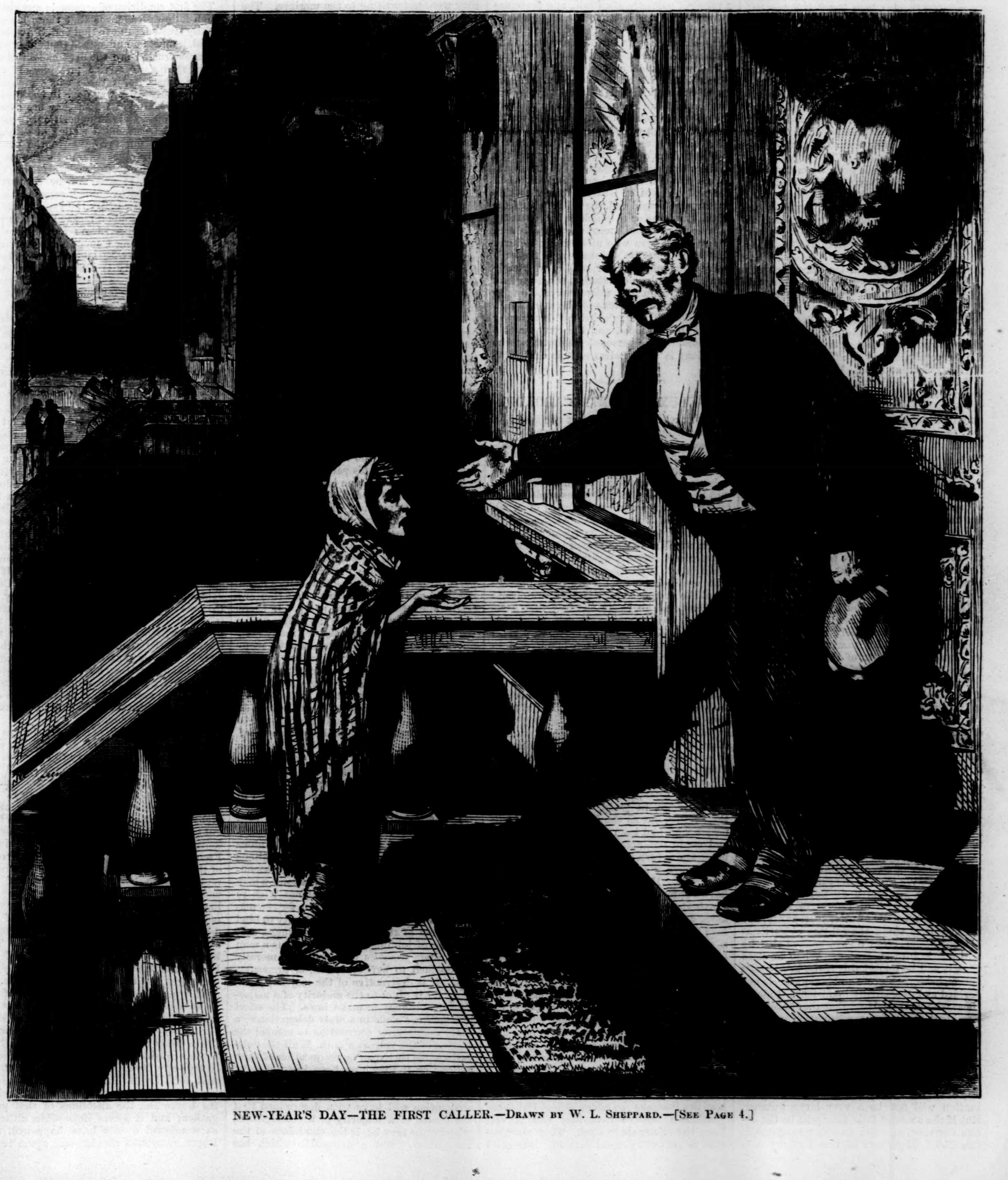
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XVI.—No. 784.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1872. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.



NEW-YEAR'S DAY—THE FIRST CALLER.—Drawn by W. L. Sheppard.—[See Page 4.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1872.

Average Weekly Circulation for the last Three Months, 160,000 Copies.

☞ *The* SUPPLEMENT *to this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY, *sent out gratuitously, contains another installment of* WILKIE COLLINS'S *fascinating story,* "MISS OR MRS. ?" *with splendid illustrations; the continuation of* GEORGE ELIOT'S "MIDDLEMARCH;" *a fine illustration representing*

"An Old Bachelor" in his "Easy Chair;"

an exquisite NEW-YEAR'S POEM; *and other attractive features.*

☞ *The Publishers desire to call attention to the series of Literary and Pictorial* SUPPLEMENTS *issued gratuitously with* HARPER'S BAZAR, *in which appear the most attractive Stories, Poems, and Essays, by the most eminent writers of England and America, with splendid illustrations from the hands of well-known Masters of Design. As a Journal of* FAMILY READING, *combining the most attractive forms of literary, artistic, and social entertainment with practical instruction and information respecting Fashions, Dress, Household Matters, etc., the* BAZAR *presents unsurpassable attractions.*

THE CAMPAIGN OF SLANDER.

IT is unfortunate that there should have been an impression, not justified by the facts, that any Republican Senators wished to hide corruption or prevent investigations of the methods and expenses of the government. There is no such disposition in the party. There was none such upon the part of the Senators who opposed Mr. TRUMBULL'S resolution. That there is none upon the part of the President is shown by the fact that he has put himself at the head of the movement for civil service reform. It is, however, the policy of those who are opposed to him to make it appear that in some mysterious way he connives at fraud. Mr. SCHURZ said, as we stated last week, that no evidence implicated the President in the alleged abuses of the general order system. But he also said, and repeated, and the remark has been diligently echoed, that there was some mysterious power higher than the Secretary of the Treasury which sustained those abuses. Yet what power in that sense is higher than the Secretary, except the President? Did Mr. SCHURZ mean him? We gave him credit for plainly declaring that the President was not implicated by any evidence. But if the Senator had no proof, were not his words an unjustifiable insinuation?

If the opposition to the President hopes to brand him before the country as a dishonest man, it will fail. There is in politics a legitimate and an illegitimate method of opposition; one which honorable men adopt, and one which they reject; and the policy of personal defamation of the President is not honorable. But the personal campaign was never conducted with such rigor before. Indeed, the innuendoes at the little details of the President's life are so incessant that it is evident that the great measures of his administration are not supposed to be very vulnerable.

If he were surrounded by a cabinet like that of the last Democratic President, for instance, it might be wisely feared that he was either coerced by it or in collusion with it. But the character of the cabinet is the pledge to the country of the patriotism and pure purpose of the Administration. Or, if the administration in details were proved to be generally extravagant or corrupt, there would justly be deep distrust upon the part of the country. But while there have been—as under the old system of the civil service is inevitable—unfortunate appointments and defalcations, they are in no sense the rule of the administration; and it would be found, upon inquiry, that many of the instances of this kind are due to the characters of the persons whom the President did not personally know, but who were pressed upon him for appointment by some of the very gentlemen who now urge against him the character of some appointments that he has made. We shall be very much mistaken if the same gentlemen do not receive the President's project of reform of the civil service with a smile of utter incredulity, not because they think the scheme objectionable, but because they do not believe that he will put it into execution. When he does that, it will be remarkable if the President's action, however sincere and honorable, is not derided as intentionally inefficient. Indeed, those who have declared that they think the President unfit for renomination are not likely to own that they were mistaken as the day for the Convention draws near.

If before the Convention meets it can be shown that he is directly or indirectly responsible for the abuses which may occur in any of the offices, those who wish his renomination will not be a very large number. But if the attempt fails, they will be the entire Convention. For an effort to discredit the Chief Magistrate of this country does not end with its success or its failure. If it succeeds, he is utterly disgraced. If it fails, those who attempt it lose the respect of honorable men. We must not be understood as charging malignant motives upon those who sincerely move for investigations into alleged abuses. But the character of the President belongs to the country, and when that character is stained the country is sullied. Therefore the investigation of the charges which have been made must be thorough and unsparing. The general order system must be and will be completely exposed. If abuses are discovered, and the blame can be justly laid upon the President, there will be reason to denounce him. The noble warfare upon his cigars and his horses will then end, and we may all well be aghast at real reasons of opposition.

But meanwhile the President is not harmed in the judgment of candid men—and they are the great majority—by slander and misrepresentation. Although he smokes cigars, and likes a fine horse, and owns stock in Seneca stone from which he has no dividends, and a house was presented to him as a token of patriotic gratitude, and there are a dozen of his relatives in office, some of them not appointed, but merely not removed, by him—although these things are true, it is also true that the great results of his administration are such as the country contemplates with pride and satisfaction. It sees its wise and humane Indian policy, its reduction of taxation, and the diminution of the debt; its peaceful and honorable settlement of foreign questions, its protection of all good citizens every where, its amnesty, and its reform of the civil service; and the country forgives the President his occasional drives and his daily cigar. Indeed, when the real services of General GRANT to this country are considered, the pitiful character of the vituperation to which he is constantly exposed becomes still more despicable. And if any Republican who unwillingly believes that there must be serious reason for such insinuation and slander will only trouble himself to analyze the stories, and to reflect upon the immense misrepresentation to which every conspicuous public man is subjected, he will be rejoiced by discovering that if the falsehood and the exaggeration are removed, the personal gossip about the President is as causeless as it is contemptible.

KU-KLUX IN NORTH CAROLINA.

THOSE who have sneered at the assertion of the existence of the Ku-Klux, or who have excused it upon the ground that in so disturbed a region and under such miserable governments there must be some kind of voluntary organization against offenders, will be interested in the correspondence between certain prominent citizens of North Carolina and Judge BOND. At the end of September ten noted gentlemen, among whom was Mr. BRAGG, former Governor and Senator of the State, wrote to Judge BOND, asking that the further prosecution of those who were charged with Ku-Klux offenses should be postponed until November. These gentlemen admit that "the fact that a secret, unlawful organization called the Ku-Klux, or Invisible Empire, exists in certain parts of the State has been manifested in the recent trials before the court over which you preside." They denounce them, and declare it to be the duty of all good citizens to suppress them, adding that no man can deny or palliate their crimes. If the trials were adjourned, they thought that they could enlist all good citizens to make an earnest effort to restore good order, and obliterate an evil which brings nothing but calamity. They conclude by selemnly protesting that the violations of order and justice must cease.

The judge, in reply, thanked them for their letter, but as the city was full of witnesses who had been staying at large cost, and could not properly be required to go home and return with nothing done to make their journey safe, he declines to postpone the trials. He adds, that gentlemen who have expressed so warm a wish to relieve North Carolina of so disgraceful and infamous an association will not remit their labors to suppress it because the Court sits for a week or two longer to help them. The letter of the eminent gentlemen, however, proposes an extraordinary method of dealing with what they call criminals. If the courts will close, they think that they can enlist the "law-loving citizens" to suppress the organization. But whether they will try, if the Court does not postpone the trials, or by what means outside of the law they intend to deal with the criminals, they do not say.

There is but one presumption from such a letter. The Ku-Klux is an organization of political terrorism. Its crimes and the calamities it causes are undeniable. But these gentlemen believe that they can prevail upon the criminals to stop. They must intend to prevail by moral suasion. But could they hope to prevail except upon members of their own party? and all the gentlemen are Democrats. It is foolish to deny in the presence of such facts that there is a Ku-Klux, and that it is a political organization to prevent, by terror, by scourging, and murder, the exercise of their political rights by Republican citizens. And why, it would be interesting to know, have ex-Senator BRAGG, and Attorney-General SHIPP, and ex-minister to Spain BARRINGER, and ex-Judge BATTLE, and the other gentlemen who sign—why have they waited until there was some prospect of bringing offenders to justice before they began their efforts to suppress the crimes of organizations so notorious every where else in the country? and why do they make the suspension of the trials the condition of their efforts? Or was the first knowledge which these gentlemen had of the Ku-Klux derived from the trials? The President was upon the point of enforcing the law against the criminals before these worthy gentlemen had discovered that there was any trouble. They found, fortunately, however, that in writing to Judge BOND they were not writing to the marines. The judge, in the excellent Irish phrase, was able for them; and promised to their vigorous efforts to suppress the "Invisible Empire" the support of his court. How far, as Artemus Ward might have said, these excellent gentlemen have got in their suppression does not appear. But, jesting aside, if such gentlemen are in earnest, and every where in the Southern States would, in their words, "use all the means in our power to absolutely suppress this organization," they would show a spirit which they might be very sure would be recognized and appreciated every where.

THE CAUCUS.

IT is easy to see that a party caucus of members of Congress may become a despotism as hurtful to the party as to the country. If a majority of those who attend it are to bind the votes of the minority in the legislature, the minority are forced either to remain voluntarily silent in their seats, or to vote for propositions which they may oppose in speaking. If the action of the caucus goes further, and is held to silence them upon their honor, it is an intolerable nuisance, or worse. The result of the system is that those who, refusing to be bound by the caucus, decline to attend it are considered to be suspicious members of the party. An exasperating line is drawn. For no man chooses to be refused party fellowship because of his independence, and is angry with those who assume authority to cast suspicion upon his party fidelity.

This is especially true of the Republican party. It will not be drilled and disciplined in the military manner. Those who belong to it will think and criticise, and oppose what they deem hurtful to the cause which the party represents; and no man can be a leader in it who does not understand its character. Of course nothing is a greater party error than to assume that critics mean mischief, and to treat them so that they are really alienated from the party. If there are good reasons for believing that, under the pretense of one purpose, they really seek another, the good reasons should be mentioned, and the country will judge. But the tendency of a caucus is so surely to virtual legislation that it must be jealously watched. Secret legislation, except as in the executive sessions of the Senate, is not agreeable to the American mind, and it ought not to be. But if the course of the members of both parties is to be rigorously decided in a caucus, of what use is public debate? If the decision of the legislators is already made, there is surely no reason to delay the vote whenever the question is presented in the legislature.

It is fair that members of the same general political views should inform themselves fully, and in private, of the opinions of each upon general questions of policy; and if they choose, in the freedom of friendly confidence, to urge considerations which for proper reasons they might not wish to advance in public debate. But for the majority of a caucus to claim authority to bind the action of the minority, or to insist that because of joining in a party caucus a man who differs from its conclusions is morally constrained to support them, is preposterous. It is destructive of the majority principle, for it gives to the majority of a majority the authority to make laws. The effort is sometimes made in a State delegation to a party nominating convention to compel the casting of the vote as a unit. If all the delegates agree there can be no question of their action; or if they have been instructed by the convention that sends them to vote as a unit, it is their duty to do so, because the convention will have then determined that the choice of a majority of the delegation, whoever he may be, is the candidate of the convention. But a delegation which has not accepted its position with any such condition is left individually free; and when the attempt is made by the majority of the delegation to bind the minority, each individual of the minority may properly refuse to be bound by the result.

The necessity of what is called party discipline is indisputable; but its limits, if not to be exactly defined, are very readily felt. When it becomes so stringent that the views of a few men become, from that fact, the party policy, the party inevitably declines; not only because the consciousness of supremacy deprives those few of the sagacity which comes from the sense of dependence upon others, but because the few are very likely to treat others with a certain disdain. The old Democratic party was, in this sense, the most highly disciplined of parties. But it fell, because the system was too rigid for individuals to affect, and those who differed about methods were driven from the party. The Republican party can not be so disciplined. Before the fetters were forged the party would have disappeared.

The first condition of success in any party which follows leaders is that those leaders be fully trusted. But to that end, if a caucus is held, it must be understood that those who are most trusted are the leaders—in other words, that their advice prevails. If the fact be otherwise, if those who can know only generally what was done in the caucus see that those upon whom they are accustomed to depend are in opposition, there is profound distrust, and a feeling of disquietude which is not favorable to the party. Yet, of course, if opposition in the caucus be supposed to be due to any other than the highest motive, it will not be supported by general sympathy. Such considerations serve to show how easily the caucus, which seems to be so simple a method of securing party unity, may become a serious injury to it. The term King Caucus well describes it. It may be a wise and mild monarch; but the probability is always against the wisdom of a king.

THE PRINCES IN THE ASSEMBLY.

THE Prince de Joinville and the Duke d'Aumale have quietly taken their seats in the French Assembly, and there seems as yet to be no ill consequence. Yet many a Parisian must have recalled the day when the reticent LOUIS NAPOLEON returned from England, like these princes, and, like them, took his seat in the Assembly. That a prince, and a French prince, should honestly abjure his royal claims and accept a republican government seems never to occur to any Frenchman. We are far from saying, however, that the Orleans princes have done so, or that the THIERS government is a republic. It is, indeed, a wholly anomalous situation. The appearance of the princes in the Assembly can be considered nothing more than an acquiescence. The Assembly, called for a special purpose, has continued itself as a provisional government. If it should propose to call a Constitutional Convention, as we should say in this country, or to resolve itself into such a convention, it would be entirely at the option of the princes whether they would advocate the Commune, the republic, the empire, or their own return, or that of Cousin Chambord. So far as appears, they have made no pledges of any kind, and the uneasiness of M. THIERS may well be ascribed to the fear lest his old Orleans sympathies should cast upon him a suspicion of collusion.

The postponement of the decision as to the permanent form of government will probably enable every party to complete its organization, and to make use of all its strength. It is evident that a great deal, as usual, must depend upon the army. If that is republican, there will be no monarchy. But it was the policy of LOUIS NAPOLEON to win its favor, and the Napoleonic tradition must long be powerful in a French army. On the other hand, the events of the spring show how deep a hold extreme republicanism has upon the heart of the people. ROSSEL was not an exception. He has left thousands behind him, only the more devoted and resolved because of his death. The Orleans dynasty, again, represented the principle of compromise. The king was not king of France, but of the French; and he held his crown not by Divine right, but by the will of the people.

It is possible that the personality of the Duke d'Aumale—who is a man of great attraction, and of high character and cultivation—may be a more powerful element in the decision than has been anticipated. He and his cousin—who will certainly not be selected—are distinctly representative chiefs. And so is LOUIS NAPOLEON. But there is no great typical republican around whom the hopes and the affections of that party gather; and it seems impossible, although as wonderful events have happened, that LOUIS NAPOLEON should come again to the throne. The reappearance of the princes brings a fresh element into the probabilities. France is now in the same political condition in which for two years we lately saw Spain. If THIERS should die, there would, perhaps, be no more important or conspicuous figure than the Duke d'Aumale.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE CIVIL SERVICE.

AMONG the objections urged against the President's scheme of reform of the civil service is that it does not subject the present officers to examination, and therefore, as is alleged, leaves in the service a multitude of inefficient men who will be the mere mercenaries of the President. The desirable method of so great a reform, however, seems to be that the principle shall be radical and the process sure, but the beginnings gentle. It is also desirable to judge the method upon its own merits, and, so far as practicable, independently of the President who authorizes it. Indeed, those who are persuaded that he means by it only to make his renomination sure, or who are of opinion that if he were sincere in his purpose of reform he would have reformed the whole service long ago, would hardly care to hear arguments that his intention is fixed and pure. That can only be proved by experience, and to experience time is essential.

Meanwhile it may be considered that if there are incompetent officers in the service, the scheme proposed renders their removal very easy, because the appointing authority will have no reason to retain an inefficient subordinate on the ground that another equally inefficient would probably replace him, as under the existing system; while the external pressure to retain such an officer, which is part of the present scheme of patronage, will disappear under a system which abolishes patronage altogether. It then becomes the interest of every head to have faithful and efficient subordinates; and, without a peremptory order, the authority to purge the service, uncontrolled by irrelevant motives, will be legitimately exercised. As for the actually corrupt officers and practices, the committee of investigation appointed by the Senate will undoubtedly expose them—unless, indeed, it be supposed that the committee is in collusion with those who would conceal frauds—and being removed, it is to be hoped that they would be replaced by better men.

It is also urged that there should be an express order by the President that the officers in the civil service should withdraw from politics. But to prohibit all persons in the employment of the government from such interest in politics as their feelings might dictate would stigmatize the service so as to defeat one of the objects of the reform—namely, that a higher class of persons should be attracted to the service. A suspicious and illegitimate interest, such as now attends the political activity of office-holders, would disappear under the new system, in which they can not be suspected of directly interested motives. During the abuse which has so long prevailed it has been expected, as of course, that the office-holders would be the active politicians, and their activity was always necessarily odious, because intensely selfish. But if fitness and fidelity insure their places, their interest in politics will be that of all their fellow-citizens. If it be said in reply that the present office-holders will naturally work hard to secure the re-election of a President who adopts the reform, it seems enough to suggest that not only are such persons, if incompetent, not sure of their places under the reformed system, but that any President who should propose fitness as the condition of appointment to office would naturally be supported by those who believe themselves fit for their positions, which is, doubtless, the large majority. Meanwhile, every office-holder in the country after the 1st of January knows that support of General GRANT is not his tenure of office, except so far as he may doubt whether any other President would accept the reform.

For it is true that the reform, as its most faithful friends have long desired, has not been exposed to the indefinite delay of differing opinions in Congress, but depends upon the President. It is true also, whatever may have been the force of a bad system, under which the President is compelled to rely upon the word of interested advisers of appointments, that General GRANT is the only President since the abuse began who has shown any serious interest in the subject, and who has constantly urged it, even while appointments apparently in hostility to such interest have been made, and events have occurred, by no means wholly under his control, yet not to be wholly disposed of by alleging unworthy motives.

At length, and not without the most careful consideration of a project which is a very radical and very important reform, he has announced that the doctrine which all parties have supported, that to the victor belong the spoils of the enemy, ought no longer to be the motto of the civil service. If he does not mean it, if he has begun what is called a reform only to secure the incompetent in their places upon condition that they will labor zealously for his personal interest, if, in a word, the reform depends upon the good faith of the President, and he is false, then, indeed—but not otherwise—the reform is a delusion.

HENRY THEODORE TUCKERMAN.

BY the death of HENRY T. TUCKERMAN, the profession of literature in this country loses one of its most modest and faithful followers. Indeed, he was among the very few who were first known among us as devoted exclusively to that calling, and no one will ever adorn it with more gentleness and freedom from selfishness. During his career, which began early, he saw younger men sometimes pass beyond him in general renown; but no word of welcome to the younger comers was ever sincerer or more encouraging than his, so that, although of a class which is supposed to be peculiarly irritable, he lived his tranquil and industrious life, and died amidst the universal sorrow of his brethren in letters.

His acquaintance with what is called, in the best sense, elegant literature was large, and his preference in writing was for the essay. Yet his volume of biographical sketches is full of interest, and is most conscientiously prepared. The repose that is natural to the contemplative mind, fed upon the finest literature, is felt in all his work—a repose which no external conflict ever disturbed. He had a special fondness for Italy, which he remembered with delight from early years of travel. He was familiar with Italian books, and was the friend of the Italian circle in New York; and his thoughtful and efficient interest in the country was shown by his active sympathy with the Italian school in this city, whose scholars came as mourners to his funeral.

Mr. TUCKERMAN was unmarried; but in many homes where he was a most friendly visitor his constant courtesy and generous appreciation of all excellence will be always remembered. A slight deafness made his manner peculiarly retiring, but it seemed to manifest only more faithfully the modesty and reserve of his nature. His death was unexpected by almost all who heard of it; and those who knew him best feel that he gave new significance to the familiar but significant words, scholar and gentleman.

PERSONAL.

VICE-PRESIDENT COLFAX has frankly admitted to some of his friends that, notwithstanding his announced determination to retire from public life at the close of his present term, yet if a renomination is offered to him by the Republican Convention, he will feel bound to accept it. It may be assumed, therefore, that his feelings will not be lacerated by the mention of his name in connection with the V.-P.

—After nearly half a century of service as United States District Judge, of Delaware, the Hon. WILLARD HALL has just resigned. He has reached the great age of ninety-one. He graduated at Harvard in 1799; removed to Delaware, and in 1811 was elected Secretary of State; was elected to Congress in 1816, and re-elected in 1818. In 1823 he was appointed judge by President MADISON, and for forty-eight years has ably discharged the duties of that office.

—JOHN BRIGHT has lately written a letter to Senator CHARLES SUMNER, in which, referring to his illness, he says that he has been on the shelf since the beginning of last year, has written few letters, and has been compelled to shun all business; but is now very much better, and hopes by the end of the year to be able to resume work.

—General BENJAMIN HARRISON, a grandson of old "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," is a prominent candidate of the Republican party for Governor of Indiana.

—The gentlemen composing the sub-committee of the Committee of Seventy to whom was committed the duty of preparing a new charter for this city have completed their work. These gentlemen are ex-Governor SALOMON, SAMUEL B. RUGGLES, EDWARDS PIERREPOINT, Major J. M. BUNDY, SIMON STERN, EDWARD COOPER, WILLIAM C. BARRETT, ROBERT B. ROOSEVELT, and J. B. VARNUM. Upon these persons the labor has mainly fallen. Among the prominent features of the new charter are the annual election of the Mayor, and the enlargement of the number of aldermen. Of these there are to be forty-five, and so chosen that the party in the minority must be largely represented. In reference to the heads of departments, the Mayor and aldermen are to have concurrent authority.

—Count APPONYI goes to Paris as embassador of Austria. His father filled the same post under LOUIS PHILIPPE. Prince METTERNICH goes to Rome.

—A gentleman who has recently interviewed Senator SUMNER photographs his personal appearance. The Senator is a large man in height and girth; and a full, round, symmetrical body is well set off by a noble head—a head that seems to have been expanded to almost unnatural fullness by the ever-busy brain within. His forehead is not strikingly high—not such a one as WEBSTER's—but is very broad and full, indicating great executive ability. In other words, it is well "filled out." His eyes are not large, and in conversation seem two-thirds closed, with noticeable fullness under them, indicating, if phrenology is to be relied upon, a superior command of language. But no matter what phrenology may say about it, those who have read Mr. SUMNER's speeches will notice that he has a pretty good command of words, and ideas also. His hair is brown, but so sprinkled with gray that the gray begins to predominate. It is thick and luxuriant, indicating a considerable reserve force of vitality; and, indeed, Mr. SUMNER's whole appearance indicates that there are a good number of working years in him yet. His mouth is large, as we are told all orators' mouths should be, his face smooth, his features not irregular, and his countenance expressive. There is something in his deep bass voice, and luxuriant growth of gray and brown hair thrown carelessly over his great head, that reminds one of ROBERT TOOMBS, of Georgia.

—The Hartford *Courant* corrects the statement that General HAWLEY, in his recent lecture in Brooklyn, stated of his own knowledge that a present member of the United States Senate paid $75,000 to secure his election. It says: "Among a large number of instances of corruption and rumored corruption given in illustration of his argument, he mentioned this, that he had been informed by an authority that claimed to know that a Senator had expended $75,000 in securing his election; but of this General HAWLEY disclaimed any personal knowledge whatever, nor did he give any shadow of intimation as to when, or where, or by whom this was done."

—A daughter of the poet SCHILLER is living, and married to the Count VON GLEICHEN. His grandson, Baron FRITZ VON SCHILLER, is a retired officer in the Austrian service; and as he is in failing health and without issue, the name of SCHILLER will at his decease become extinct.

—This paragraph we intend as a personal for every policeman in New York. The entire fraternity of news vendors of Syracuse have lately been brought to grief by the police for exposing for sale sundry obscene illustrated papers hailing from Boston. We join with the *World* in asking whether it would not be well for the New York policeman, after he has finished looking at the pictures himself, to take some action in regard to similar papers constantly exposed for sale on the news stands in this city.

—Kentucky papers announce that Dr. ROBERT J. BRECKINRIDGE is so rapidly failing in health that he can not very long survive. He is now seventy-one years of age, and is not only a remarkable man, but is of a remarkable family. His father, JOHN BRECKINRIDGE, was Attorney-General of the United States under JEFFERSON, and was the author of the celebrated Kentucky resolutions of 1798. His brother, the Rev. JOHN BRECKINRIDGE, was an eminent Presbyterian divine, and for some time a professor at Princeton. His nephew, JOHN C., was born in 1821, and in 1856, when only thirty-five years of age, was elected Vice-President of the United States. Dr. ROBERT J. BRECKINRIDGE ("Doctor Bob," as he is affectionately called by his neighbors) was educated for the bar, and was a member of the Kentucky Legislature from 1825 to 1828. In 1832 he entered the ministry. Since then, as president of two colleges, professor, preacher, and writer, his pen and voice have been constantly going, and if all his speeches, sermons, pamphlets, and books could be collected, he would be found to be one of the most voluminous writers in the country.

—Curious things happen in Italy. An American "party" traveling in that country attempted to pass himself off as ANDY JOHNSON, ex-President of the United States, and for that they put him away in a jail for the space of a calendar month.

—Professor JOWETT, who was last year appointed Master of Baliol College, Oxford, and who is known to entertain the most latitudinarian views on religious subjects, has just preached a sermon in St. Mary's Church—the first time he has been permitted that privilege in twenty-two years; and even now he would not be permitted were it not that the heads of houses have the right to preach before the university in rotation. It was in this pulpit that CRANMER delivered his last refusal to recant; the pulpit from which Dr. NEWMAN moved all thinking Churchmen to the core; from which Dean MILMAN stirred ecclesiastics to high wrath, and from which Bishop WILBERFORCE, Canon LIDDON, and many others have sought to mould the thought of their time. It was a great occasion, and the seats were occupied hours before the commencement of service. Professor JOWETT is now a man of fifty-four. His round, large face bears the proofs of extreme amiability. The sweetness is not alone in the eye, nor in the smile; it is in every lineament. Such faces appeal to the heart. They awaken what is kindly, genial, and hopeful. But this first characteristic is not alone. You have but to hear the professor lecture or preach to become aware of his power and decision. That happy and gentle look is succeeded by one that is hard as adamant when a principle is defended or a wrong exposed. It puzzles those who have seen only one side of Professor JOWETT's disposition to understand how one so tender can have gone through so much that required indifference to human judgments; but the difficulty vanishes when you come to see him under the influence of his cherished ideas. His preaching ability—given a learned and cultivated assemblage—is high. He read every syllable. In some places he had written two or three lines by the side of the sheet, and it was amusing to note the coolness with which, when he arrived at these points, he turned the black-covered little book of MS. partly round.

—ENOCH CARTER, of Newburgh, is the happy possessor of a watch which was given by GEORGE WASHINGTON to his betrothed, Mrs. MARTHA CUSTIS, in 1758. It was made in London, is of the "bull's-eye" pattern, and has the letters of the above lady's name on the face of the dial—one letter over each figure. The watch was in the possession of some of the relatives in Virginia, but, as one of the results of the late war, it had to be sold, with other relics, to keep starvation from the door.

—The King of Siam is resolved to avail himself of the knowledge and experience of the English miners and men of science. Several Cornish tin miners have been engaged to proceed to Siam to work over the auriferous deposits of that country; and Mr. CHARLES TWITE, a gentleman who has spent many years in Paraguay as mineral surveyor under the late President LOPEZ, is engaged to go at once to Siam to direct, in the first place, the mining operations, and during the hot season, when work in the field is not possible, to give instruction in geology to the youth of Siam.

—Bishop KETTELER, of Mayence, is the most formidable adversary of Prince BISMARCK. They were students together at Göttingen, and there fought a duel in which KETTELER was wounded. Afterward they became fast friends and members of the same "corps" of students. KETTELER is now the leader of the anti-imperialist party in the German Parliament, and by far the ablest and most eloquent of BISMARCK's opponents.

—The Governor elect of Massachusetts, the Hon. WILLIAM B. WASHBURN, is a stanch cold-water man, and during his entire career in Congress never touched the wine that is red, nor any other tipple. On the night he was nominated for Governor at Worcester he was at home at Greenfield, and, like a good Congregational deacon, as he is, took his wife on his arm and went to the regular prayer-meeting of his church.

—BISMARCK, it is said, proposes to do very nice things for General SHERMAN. He thinks him the great warrior of the age. On arriving in Berlin he proposes to do something handsome, and then take him off to his estate in Pomerania, where the junketings are to be on a grand old baronial scale, such as our General never had the least notion of. Speaking of BISMARCK, they say that somebody lately asked him why old King WILLIAM was so healthy. "Ach, well," said the premier, "because he drinks no water, and wears red flannel next his skin."

—There is a wide margin among spiritualists as to the number of persons in the United States who believe in that thing. Judge EDMONDS, of this city, thinks there are about 6,000,000. HEPWORTH DIXON, 3,000,000. ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, 4,230,000. WARREN CHASE, 8,000,000. The Roman Catholic council that met last at Baltimore, between 10,000,000 and 11,000,000. Mr. TEBB, an English traveler, after a thorough investigation, believes that there are in the Eastern States three per cent. of spiritualists; Middle and Western, two per cent.; Southern States and Territories, one per cent.; making a total spiritual population, including the children of believers, of 660,000. This is believed to be understated by those who have faith in the phenomena.

—Mr. HORACE CAPRON, formerly United States Commissioner of Agriculture, but now in a high official position in Japan, has sent to this country an order for a new steamer, a large amount of machinery, and a full supply of live-stock for the use of Japan.

—The members of the Legislature of Tennessee have for many years past had a pleasant custom of making an annual visit in a body to the widow of President JAMES K. POLK. This year she is looking quite well, and recognized gentlemen presented more than a year ago, and not since. Mrs. POLK is a very superior woman; and from the period of her first entry upon the best social life of Washington has been noted for great mental and moral qualities, beauty of person, and excellence in all the graces that adorn life.

—Dr. MOREAU MORRIS, a member of the Board of Health of this city, mentions it as one of the triumphs of medical science that among one hundred thousand persons vaccinated by the medical inspectors not one has been found who has contracted the small-pox.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

BUSINESS in Congress for the week ending December 23 presents few points of interest or importance. On the 19th Senator Sumner introduced a joint resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution limiting the President to one term of office. The Amnesty bill was discussed in the Senate, but nothing practical was done. In the House, the International Copyright resolutions of Mr. Cox were introduced and passed December 18.

On December 19 the President sent a message to Congress, inclosing the report of the Civil Service Commission. He approves the rules recommended, and announces that they will take effect on the 1st of January next. He asks whatever further legislation may be needed on the subject.

On Sunday, December 17, the Internationals paraded through the streets of New York in honor of the Communist leaders recently executed in France. A procession was formed of a somewhat incongruous company, numbering some fifteen hundred or so. The police neither protected nor interfered with the procession, and after completing the route as prearranged, the demonstration ended with the peaceable dispersion of the demonstrators. Along the whole line of march there was an immense crowd of spectators.

The immigration officers at Castle Garden have discovered that parties in England are sending out to this country "ticket-of-leave men," or criminals allowed to leave prison before their time of sentence has expired. The attention of the Secretary of State and the Governor of New York has been called to the matter.

It has been decided in Ohio that the inmates of the Soldiers' Home have no right to vote at municipal elections.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE memorandum of the American government with regard to the northwestern boundary was, on the 19th of December, submitted to the Emperor of Germany, the arbitrator in the case.

The Prince of Wales appears to have passed through the crisis of his disease, and is fairly started on the road to recovery.

The sensational story that the Czarowitz had inflicted personal chastisement upon the German embassador at the court of St. Petersburg has been contradicted by authority.

The Emperor Alexander of Russia has given furloughs to 50,000 of his soldiers.

The *Alabama* Commission at Geneva have adjourned until June 15, 1872.

Prince Bismarck has sent a strongly worded dispatch to Baron von Arnim, the German representative at Paris, in reference to the outrages perpetrated on German soldiers in France. He threatens very severe retaliatory measures.

M. Pouyer-Quertier, the French Minister of Finance, has made a financial statement showing a surplus of 14,000,000 francs.

By a bill just passed in the Swiss Assembly the establishment of Jesuit communities and the employment of Jesuits as doctrinal teachers in Switzerland are interdicted.

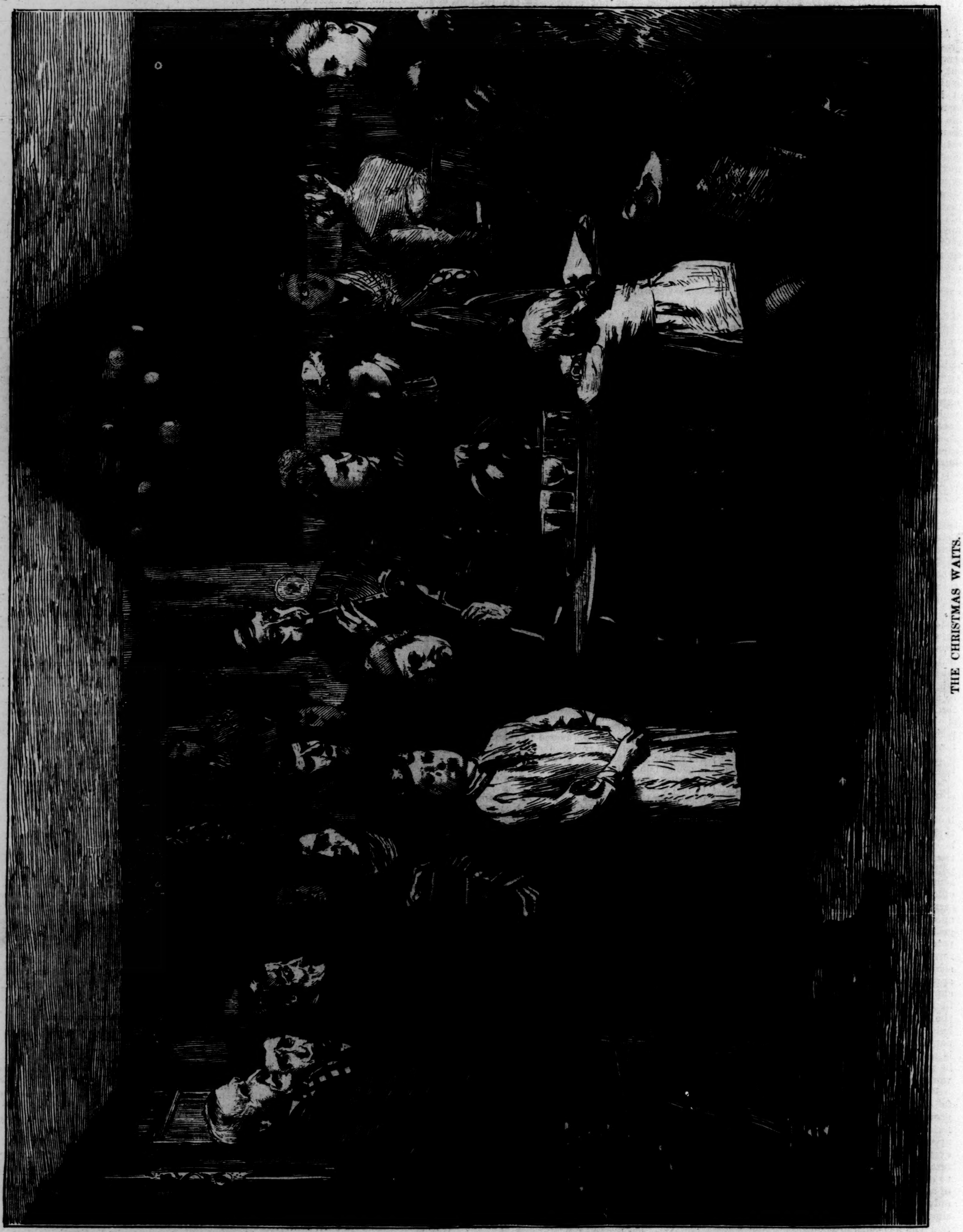
Astonishing progress is making in the political and social revolution in Japan. Among the latest projects are the closing of the Buddhist temples, and compelling the priests to enter the army or earn their living in some other way, and the sending of twenty young Japanese ladies to be educated in America.

THE CHRISTMAS WAITS.

It is the pleasant custom in Old England, during the Christmas holidays, for poor singers and musicians to go through the streets at night singing and playing Christmas carols. These serenaders are called "waits"—a name supposed to be akin to the German *wacht*, which means watching or waiting; but the custom itself dates back hundreds of years, to a time when the traditions of the first Christian ages had a fresher and stronger hold upon people than they have now. During the first part of the Middle Ages it was still the custom for the bishops and the lower clergy to join with the populace in singing carols about the streets on Christmas-eve, and the songs were enlivened by dances and the music of tambours, guitars, violins, and organs.

But in course of time the wealthier and more cultivated classes of society began to think it undignified to go about the streets singing and playing and dancing, and so the observance of the custom fell into the hands of poor people, who were glad to amuse others for the sake of a few pennies which were given them at rich men's doors, either for their music, or to induce them to move on.

The custom is still observed in England. In all the cities and villages throughout the kingdom the air is made vocal every Christmas-eve by the words and music of the sweet carols appropriate to the season; and charitable people always distribute money or food among the humble serenaders. If very good-natured, like the family in the beautiful picture on this page, they invite the chilled and hungry musicians to come in and partake of the Christmas cheer. The waits are little known in this country, though there are a few towns in New England where the custom is observed.



THE CHRISTMAS WAITS.

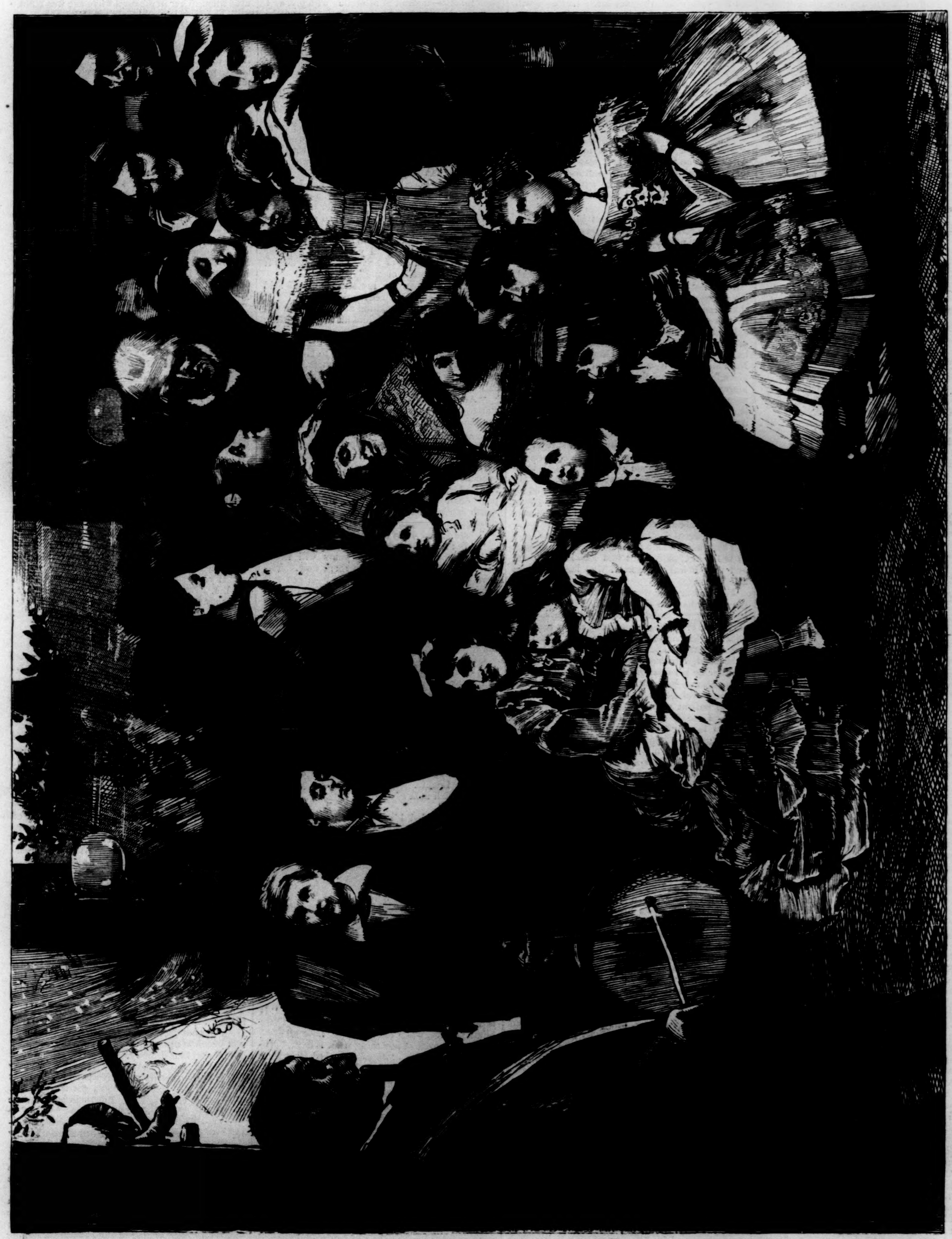
THE FIRST CALLER.

It is one of the best characteristics of families in which wealth and position are hereditary that the poor are never turned harshly or empty-handed from their doors; it is one of the worst characteristics of vulgar *parvenus* to be harsh and insolent to the class from which they have risen. At the door of a great house belonging to such a family stands the first New-Year's caller in our illustration on the first page. She certainly is not an elegant figure; and the insolent servant feels highly indignant that such a miserable creature should ring at the front door. He has never heard of "entertaining angels unawares;" and so, with a threat about the police, he will slam the door in her face. Do any of our readers smile at the idea of associating this ragged beggar-girl with an angel, even in disguise? Let them remember that it was spoken of little children that "their angels do always behold the face of the Father, who is in heaven;" and that charity to them will be remembered forever before the throne of God.

PUNCH IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.

PUNCH and Judy are not as well known to American children as they should be, and we are happy to see, by indications in the toy-shop windows, that the acquaintance is likely to be more general and intimate in future. In England, and on the continent of Europe, every child knows the mimic theatre, and prizes it above every other form of itinerant entertainment. Conjurers, or fiery-colored Indians, and the genius who performs upon a dozen instruments at a time, the monkey organ-grinder, or the musician with strange-looking chiming-glasses, may be tolerated when nothing better is in view; but no sooner is Punch's *roo-too-too* heard than young hopeful rushes off to meet his idol. Not [illegible] Punch is solely to be found in the streets, to be gazed at only out of windows, or from the extreme edge of the pavement. He is also in great request at children's parties—fashionable parties too—sometimes royal parties, for a great favorite in London is *the* Punch which "played before her Majesty and the royal children at Windsor Castle." He is as much at home in the English drawing-room as in the street; and in the long evenings of the Chistmas holidays, that merry season of children's parties, he is a constant guest. A welcome one, too, as the happy little faces in our illustration plainly show.

Why children *should* be fond of such an *un*domestic drama as portrayed in the representation of Mr. Punch's adventures can only be accounted for by that love of the horrible so innate even in infantile human nature. The incidents in the drama are certainly startling. Those of a Mississippi tragedy are nothing to the terrible catastrophes which here crowd thick upon each other. Where, also, can you find such a bold, devil-may-care, daring villain as here?—one who not only murders his child, wife, and sundry interfering neighbors with as little compunction as a certain Roman emperor is said to have killed flies, but actually hurls thunder-bolts at great Jove himself by hanging Jack Ketch. The boldest of highwaymen never achieved such a feat as this, and well may the little folk stare with wonder and awe at such a hero. Toby also is another "great attraction," and is regarded by the audience much as the introduction of a "wild" horse or a "real" locomotive on the stage. But even "Punch" has a moral, for is he not pursued by his victim's ghost, and is he not finally carried off to regions unknown by that terrible bugbear of childhood—Bogey?



PUNCH AND JUDY IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.

Even the "old folks" in the party enjoy the fun, and as for the younger ones, their interest is intense. Doubtlessly some of them have furtively watched the preparations, have seen with great anxiety the mysterious frame brought up stairs, and assured themselves that it is a real, tangible Punch out of the streets, and not a make-up. The overture is over, and Mr. Punch is just administering a little "wholesome correction to his better half." Alas! the spectators show no sympathy with injured innocence. On the contrary, they laugh the louder as our hero's inhumanity waxes greater and greater with his career; the hangman episode is keenly relished, for they have no respect for the law and its myrmidons, the little vagabonds; and only the very tiny ones show any symptom of awe at the appearance of the late Mrs. Judy in a white dressing-gown, or even the dread Bogey himself.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—*From Tennyson's "In Memoriam."*

POOR MISS FINCH.

A Domestic Story.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," "Man and Wife," etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-NINTH.

SHE LEARNS TO SEE.

WITH the new morning certain reflections found their way into my mind which were not of the most welcome sort. There was one serious element of embarrassment in my position toward Lucilla which had not discovered itself to me when Nugent and I parted at the rectory gate.

Browndown was now empty. In the absence of both the brothers, what was I to say to Lucilla when the false Oscar failed to pay her his promised visit that day?

In what a labyrinth of lies had the first fatal suppression of the truth involved us all! One deception after another had been forced on us; one disaster after another had followed retributively as the result—and, now that I was left to deal single-handed with the hard necessities of our position, no choice seemed left to me but to go on deceiving Lucilla still! I was weary of it and ashamed of it. At breakfast-time I evaded all further discussion of the subject after I had first ascertained that Lucilla did not expect her visitor before the afternoon. For some time after breakfast I kept her at the piano. When she wearied of music, and began to talk of Oscar once more, I put on my hat, and set forth on a domestic errand (of the kind usually intrusted to Zillah), solely for the purpose of keeping out of the way, and putting off to the last moment the hateful necessity of telling more lies. The weather stood my friend. It threatened to rain; and Lucilla, on that account, refrained from proposing to accompany me.

My errand took me to a farm-house on the road which led to Brighton. After settling my business I prolonged my walk, though the rain was already beginning to fall. I had nothing on me that would spoil; and, in my present frame of mind, a wet gown was a preferable alternative to returning to the rectory.

After I had walked about a mile further on, the solitude of the road was enlivened by the appearance of an open carriage approaching me from the direction of Brighton. The hood was up to protect the person inside from the rain. The person looked out as I passed, and stopped the carriage in a voice which I instantly recognized as the voice of Grosse. Our gallant oculist insisted (in the state of the weather) on my instantly taking shelter by his side, and returning with him to the house.

"This is an unexpected pleasure," I said. "I thought you had arranged not to see Lucilla again till the end of the week."

Grosse's eyes glared at me through his spectacles with a dignity and gravity worthy of Mr. Finch himself.

"Shall I tell you something?" he said. "You see sitting at your side a lost surgeon-optic. I shall die soon. Put on my tombs, if you please, The malady which killed this German mans was—Lofely Feench. When I am away from her—gif me your sympathies: I so much want it—I sweat with anxiousness for young miss. Your damn-mess-fix about those two brodders is a sort of perpetual blisters on my mind. Instead of snoring peaceably all night in my nice big English bedt, I roll wide awake on my pillows, fidgeting for Feench. I am here to-day before my time. For what? For to try her eyes, you think? Goot madam, you think wrong! It is not her eyes which troubles me. Her eyes will do. It is You—and the odders at your rectory-place. You make me nervous-anxious about my patients. I am afraid some of you will let the mess-fix of those brodder-twins find its way to her pretty ears, and turn her poor little mind topsy-turvies when I am not near to see to it in time. Will you let her be comfortable-easy for two months more? Ach Gott! if I could only be certain-sure of *that*, I might leave those weak new eyes of hers to cure themselves, and go my ways back to London again."

I had intended to remonstrate with him pretty sharply for taking Lucilla to Browndown. After what he had now said it was useless to attempt any thing of that sort—and doubly useless to hope that he would let me extricate myself from my difficulties by letting me tell her the truth.

"Of course you are the best judge," I said. "But you little know what these precautions of yours cost the unfortunate people who are left to carry them out."

He took me up sharply at those words.

"You shall see for your own self," he said, "if it is not worth the cost. If her eyes satisfy me, Feench shall learn to see to-day. You shall stand by, you obstinate womans, and judge if it is goot to add shock and agitation to the exhaustions and irritabilities and bedevilments of all sorts which our poor miss must suffer in learning to see, after being blind for all her life. No more of it now till we get to the rectory-place." By way of changing the subject for the present, he put a question to me which I felt it necessary to answer with some caution. "How is my nice boys?—my bright-clever Nugent?" he asked.

"Very well."

There I stopped, not feeling at all sure of the ground I was treading on.

"Mind this!" Grosse went on. "My bright-boy-Nugent keeps her comfortable-easy. My bright-boy-Nugent is worth all the rest of you togedder. I insist on his making his visits to young miss at the rectory-place, in spite of that windy-talky-puff-bag-Feench-father of hers. I say positively—Nugent shall come into the house."

There was no help for it now. I was obliged to tell him that Nugent had left Browndown, and that I was the person who had sent him away.

For a moment I was really in doubt whether the skilled hand of the great surgeon would not be ignobly employed in boxing my ears. No perversion of spelling can possibly report the complicated German-English jargon in which his fury poured itself out on my devoted head. Let it be enough to say that he declared Nugent's abominable personation of his brother to be vitally important—so long as Oscar was absent—to his successful treatment of the sensitive and excitable patient whom we had placed under his care. I vainly assured him that Nugent's object in leaving Dimchurch was to set matters right again by bringing his brother back. Grosse flatly declined to allow himself to be influenced by any speculative consideration of that sort. He said (and swore) that my meddling had raised a serious obstacle in his way, and that nothing but his own tender regard for Lucilla prevented him from "turning the coachmans back," and leaving us henceforth to shift for ourselves.

When we reached the rectory gate he had cooled a little. As we crossed the garden he reminded me that I stood pledged to be present when the bandage was taken off.

"Now mind!" he said. "You are going to see if it is goot or bad to tell her that she has had those nice white arms of hers round the wrong brodder. You are going to tell me afterward if you dare say to her, in plain English words, 'Blue-Face is the man.'"

We found Lucilla in the sitting-room. Grosse briefly informed her that he had nothing particular to occupy him in London, and that he had advanced the date of his visit on that account. "You want something to do, my lofe, on this soaky-rainy day. Show Papa-Grosse what you can do with your eyes, now you have got them back again." With those words he unfastened the bandage, and, taking her by the chin, examined her eyes—first without his magnifying glass; then with it.

"Am I going on well?" she asked, anxiously.

"Famous-well! You go on (as my goot friends say in America) first-class. Now use your eyes for yourself. Gif one lofing look to Grosse first. Then—see! see! see!"

There was no mistaking the tone in which he spoke to her. He was not only satisfied about her eyes—he was triumphant. "Soh!" he grunted, turning to me. "Why is Mr. Sebrights not here to look at this?"

I eagerly approached Lucilla. There was still a little dimness left in her eyes. I noticed also that they moved to and fro restlessly, and (at times) wildly. But, oh, the bright change in her! the new life of beauty which the new sense had bestowed on her already! Her smile, always charming, now caught light from her eyes, and spread its gentle fascination over all her face. It was impossible not to long to kiss her. I advanced to congratulate, to embrace her. Grosse stepped forward, and checked me.

"No," he said. "Walk your ways to the odder end of the rooms, and let us see if *she* can go to *you*."

Like all other people knowing no more of the subject than I knew, I had no idea of the pitiably helpless manner in which the restored sense of sight struggles to assert itself in persons who have been blind for life. In such cases the effort of the eyes that are first learning to see is like the effort of the limbs when a child is first learning to walk. But for Grosse's odd way of taking it, the scene which I was now to witness would have been painful in the last degree. My poor Lucilla—instead of filling me with joy, as I had anticipated—would, I really believe, have wrung my heart, and have made me burst out crying.

"Now!" said Grosse, laying one hand on Lucilla's arm, while he pointed to me with the other. "There she stands. Can you go to her?"

"Of course I can!"

"I lay you a bet-wager you can *not!* Ten thousand pounds to six pennies. Done-done. Now try!"

She answered by a little gesture of defiance, and took three hasty steps forward. Bewildered and frightened, she stopped suddenly, at the third step, before she had advanced half the way from her end of the room to mine.

"I saw her here," she said, pointing down to the spot on which she was standing, and appealing piteously to Grosse. "I see her now, and I don't know where she is! She is so near, I feel as if she touched my eyes—and yet" (she advanced another step, and clutched with her hands at the empty air)—"and yet I can't get near enough to take hold of her. Oh! what does it mean? what does it mean?"

"It means—pay me my six pennies!" said Grosse. "The wager-bet is mine!"

She resented his laughing at her with an obstinate shake of her head, and an angry knitting of her pretty eyebrows.

"Wait a little," she said. "You sha'n't win quite so easily as that. I will get to her yet!"

She came straight to me in a moment—just as easily as I could have gone to her myself if I had tried.

"Another wager-bet!" cried Grosse, still standing behind her, and calling to me. "Twenty thousand pounds this time to a four-pennies-bit. *She has shut her eyes to get to you.* Hey?"

It was true—she had blindfolded herself! With her eyes closed, she could measure to a hair's breadth the distance which, with her eyes opened, she was perfectly incompetent to calculate! Detected by both of us, she sat down, poor dear, with a sigh of despair. "Was it worth while," she said to me, sadly, "to go through the operation for *this?*"

Grosse joined us at our end of the room.

"All in goot time," he said. "Patience, and these helpless eyes of yours will learn. Soh! I shall begin to teach them now. You have got your own notions—hey?—about this colors and that? When you were blind did you think what would be your favorite colors if you could see? You did? Which colors is it? Tell me. Come!"

"White first," she answered. "Then scarlet."

Grosse paused and considered.

"White I understand," he said. "White is the fancy of a young girls. But why scarlets? Could you see scarlets when you were blind?"

"Almost," she answered, "if it was bright enough. I used to feel something pass before my eyes when scarlet was shown to me."

"In these cataracts-cases it is constantly scarlets that they almost see," muttered Grosse to himself. "There must be reasons for this—and I must find him." He went on with his questions to Lucilla. "And the colors you hate most—which is *he?*"

"Black."

Grosse nodded his head approvingly. "I thought so," he said. "It is always black that they hate. For this also there must be reason—and I must find *him.*"

Having expressed that resolution, he approached the writing-table, and took a sheet of paper out of the case, and a circular pen-wiper of scarlet cloth out of the inkstand. After that he looked about him, waddled back to the other end of the room, and fetched the black felt hat in which he had traveled from London. He ranged the hat, the paper, and the pen-wiper in a row. Before he could put his next question to her she pointed to the hat with a gesture of disapproval.

"Take it away," she said. "I don't like that."

Grosse stopped me before I could speak.

"Wait a little," he whispered in my ear. "It is not quite so wonderful as you think. These blind peoples, when they first see, have all alike the same hatred of any thing what is dark." He turned to Lucilla. "Say," he asked, "is your favorite colors among these things here?"

She passed by the hat in contempt; looked at the pen-wiper, and put it down; looked at the sheet of paper, and put it down; hesitated—and again shut her eyes.

"No!" cried Grosse. "I won't have it! How dare you blind yourself in the presence of Me? What! I give you back your sights, and you go shut your eyes. Open them—or I will put you in the corner like a naughty girls. Your favorite colors? Now, now, now!"

She opened her eyes (very unwillingly), and looked once more at the pen-wiper and the paper.

"I see nothing as bright as my favorite colors here," she said.

Grosse held up the sheet of paper, and pressed the question without mercy.

"What! Is white whiter than this?"

"Fifty thousand times whiter than that!"

"Goot. Now mind! This paper is white." (He snatched her handkerchief out of her apron-pocket.) "This handkerchief is white too; whitest of the white, both of them. First lesson, my lofe! Here in my hands is your favorite colors, in the time when you were blind."

"*Those!*" she exclaimed, pointing to the paper and the handkerchief, with a look of blank disappointment as he dropped them on the table. She turned over the pen-wiper and the hat, and looked round at me. Grosse, waiting to try another experiment, left it to me to answer. The result, in both cases, was the same as in the cases of the sheet of paper and the handkerchief. Scarlet was not half as red—black not one-hundredth part as black—as her imagination had figured them to her in the days when she was blind. Still, as to this last color—as to black—she could feel some little encouragement. It had affected her disagreeably (just as poor Oscar's face had affected her), though she had not actually known it for the color that she disliked. She made an effort, poor child, to assert herself against her merciless surgeon-teacher. "I didn't know it was black," she said; "but I hated the sight of it, for all that."

She tried, as she spoke, to toss the hat on to a chair standing close by her, and threw it instead high above the back of the chair, against the wall, at least six feet away from the object at which she had aimed. "I am a helpless fool!" she burst out, her face flushing crimson with mortification. "Don't let Oscar see me! I can't bear the thought of making myself ridiculous before *him!* He is coming here," she added, turning to me entreatingly. "Manage to make some excuse for his not seeing me till later in the day."

I promised to find the excuse—all the more readily, that I now saw an unexpected chance of reconciling her in some degree (so long as she was learning to see) to the blank produced in her life by Oscar's absence.

She addressed herself again to Grosse.

"Go on!" she said, impatiently. "Teach me to be something better than an idiot—or put the bandage on and blind me again. My eyes are of no use to me! Do you hear?" she cried, furiously, taking him by his broad shoulders and shaking him with all her might—"my eyes are of no use to me!"

"Now! now! now!" cried Grosse. "If you don't keep your tempers, you little spitfire, I will teach you nothing." He took up the sheet of paper and the pen-wiper; and, forcing her to sit down, placed them together before her, in her lap.

"Do you know one thing?" he went on. "Do you know what is meant by an objects which is square? Do you know what is meant by an objects which is round?"

Instead of answering him, she appealed indignantly to my opinion.

"Is it not monstrous," she asked, "to hear him put such a question to me as that? Do I know round from square? Oh, how cruelly humiliating! Don't tell Oscar! don't tell Oscar!"

"If you know," persisted Grosse, "you can tell me. Look at those two things in your lap. Are they both round or both square? or is one round and the odder square? Look now, and tell me."

She looked—and said nothing.

"Well?" continued Grosse.

"You put me out, standing there staring at me through your horrid spectacles!" she said, irritably. "Don't look at me, and I will tell you directly."

Grosse turned his head my way, with his diabolical grin; and signed to me to keep watch on her in his place.

The instant his back was turned, she shut her eyes, and ran over the paper and the pen-wiper with the tips of her fingers!

"One is round, and one is square," she answered, cunningly opening her eyes again, just in time to bear critical inspection when Grosse turned round toward her once more.

He took the paper and the pen-wiper out of her hands; and (thoroughly understanding the trick she had played him) changed them for a bronze saucer and a book. "Which is round and which is square of these?" he asked, holding them up before her.

She looked first at one, and then at the other—plainly incapable (with only her eyes to help her) of answering the question.

"I put you out—don't I?" said Grosse. "You can't shut your eyes, my lofely Feench, while I am looking—can you?"

She turned red, then pale again. I began to be afraid she would burst out crying. Grosse managed her to perfection. The tact of this rough, ugly, eccentric old man was the most perfect tact I have ever met with.

"Shut your eyes," he said, soothingly. "It is the right ways to learn. Shut your eyes, and take them in your hands, and tell me which is round and which is square in that way first."

She told him directly.

"Goot! now open your eyes, and see for yourself it is the saucers you have got in your right hand, and the books you have got in your left. You see? Goot again! Put them back on the table now. What shall we do next?"

"May I try if I can write?" she asked, eagerly. "I do so want to see if I can write with my eyes instead of my finger!"

"No! Ten thousand times no! I forbid reading; I forbid writing, yet. Come with me to the window. How do these most troublesome eyes of yours do at a distance?"

While we had been trying our experiment with Lucilla the weather had brightened again. The clouds were parting; the sun was coming out; the bright gaps of blue in the sky were widening every moment; the shadows were traveling grandly over the windy slopes of the hills. Lucilla lifted her hands in speechless admiration as the German threw open the window, and placed her face to face with the view.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "don't speak to me! don't touch me!—let me enjoy it! There is no disappointment *here.* I have never thought, I have never dreamed, of any thing half so beautiful as *this!*"

Grosse looked at me, and silently pointed to her. She had turned pale—she was trembling in every limb, overwhelmed by her own ecstatic sense of the glory of the sky and the beauty of the earth, as they now met her view for the first time. I penetrated the surgeon's object in directing my attention to her. "See" (he meant to say), "what a delicately organized creature we have to deal with! Is it possible to be too careful in handling such a sensitive temperament as that?" Understanding him only too well, I also trembled when I thought of the future. Every thing now depended on Nugent. And Nugent's own lips had told me that he could not depend on himself!

It was a relief to me when Grosse interrupted her.

She pleaded hard to be allowed to stay at the window a little longer. He refused to allow it. Upon that she flew instantly into the opposite extreme. "I am in my own room, and I am my own mistress," she said, angrily; "I insist on having my own way." Grosse was ready with his answer.

"Take your own ways; fatigue those weak new eyes of yours, and to-morrow, when you try to look out of window, you will not be able to see at all." This reply terrified her into instant submission. She assisted in replacing the bandage with her own hands. "May I go away to my own room?" she asked, with the simplicity of a child. "I have seen such beautiful sights—and I do so want to think of them by myself."

The medical adviser instantly granted the patient's request. Any proceeding which tended to compose her was a proceeding of which he highly approved.

"If Oscar comes," she whispered, as she passed me on her way to the door, "mind I hear of it, and mind you don't tell him of the mistakes I have made." She paused for a moment, thinking. "I don't understand myself," she said. "I never was so happy in my life. And yet I feel almost ready to cry!" She turned toward Grosse. "Come here, papa. You have been very good to me to-day. I will give you a kiss." She laid her hands lightly on his shoulders, kissed his lined and wrinkled cheek, gave me a little squeeze round the waist—and left us. Grosse turned sharply to the window, and used his huge silk handkerchief for a purpose to which (I suspect) it had not been put for many a long year past.

CHAPTER THE FORTIETH.

TRACES OF NUGENT.

"Madame Pratolungo!"

"Herr Grosse?"

He put his handkerchief back into his pocket, and turned round to me from the window with his face composed again, and his tea-caddy snuff-box in his hand.

"Now you have seen for your own self," he said, with an emphatic rap on the box, "do you dare tell that sweet girls which of them it is that has gone his ways and left her forever?"

It is not easy to find a limit to the obstinacy of women—when men expect them to acknowledge themselves to have been wrong. After what I had seen, I no more dared tell her than he did. I was only too obstinate to acknowledge it to him—just yet.

"Mind this!" he went on. "Whether you shake her with frights, or whether you heat her with rages, or whether you wound her with griefs—it all goes straight the same to those weak new eyes of hers. They are so weak and so new, that I must ask once more for my bedt here to-night, for to see to-morrow if I have not already tried them too much. Now, for the last time of asking, have you got the abominable courage in you to tell her the truth?"

He had found my limit at last. I was obliged to own (heartily as I disliked doing it) that there was, for the present, no choice left but mercifully to conceal the truth. Having gone this length, I next attempted to consult him as to the safest manner in which I could account to Lucilla for Oscar's absence. He refused (as a man) to recognize the slightest necessity for giving me (as a woman) any advice on a question of evasions and excuses. "I have not lived all my years in the world without learning something," he said. "When it comes to walking on egg-shells and telling fips, the womens have nothing to learn from the mens.—Will you take a little stroll-walk with me in the garden? I have one odder thing to say to you; and I am hungry and thirsty both togedder—for This."

He produced "This," in the form of his pipe. We left the room at once for our stroll in the garden.

Having solaced himself with his first mouthful of tobacco-smoke, he startled me by announcing that he meant to remove Lucilla forthwith from Dimchurch to the sea-side. In doing this he was actuated by two motives—first, the medical motive of strengthening her constitution; second, the personal motive of preserving her from making painful discoveries by placing her out of reach of the gossip of the rectory and the village. Grosse had the lowest opinion of Mr. Finch and his household. His dislike and distrust of the rector, in particular, knew no bounds: he characterized the Pope of Dimchurch as an Ape with a long tongue, and a man-and-monkey capacity for doing mischief. Ramsgate was the watering-place which he had fixed on. It was at a safe distance from Dimchurch; and it was near enough to London to enable him to visit Lucilla frequently. The one thing needed was my co-operation in the new plan. If I was at liberty to take charge of Lucilla, he would speak to the Ape with the long tongue; and we might start for Ramsgate before the end of the week.

Was there any thing to prevent me from carrying out the arrangement proposed?

There was nothing to prevent me. My one other anxiety apart from Lucilla—anxiety about good Papa—had now, for some time, been happily set at rest. Letter after letter from my sisters in France, brought me always the same cheering news. My evergreen parent had at last discovered that he was no longer in the first bloom of his youth. He had resigned to his juniors, with pathetic expressions of regret, the making of love and the fighting of duels. Ravaged by past passions, this dear innocent had now found a refuge from swords, pistols, and the sex in collecting butterflies and playing on the guitar. I was free wholly to devote myself to Lucilla, and I honestly rejoiced in the prospect before me. Alone with her, and away from the rectory (where there was always danger of gossip reaching her ears), I could rely on myself to protect her from harm in the present, and to preserve her for Oscar in the future. With all my heart I agreed to the arrangements as Grosse proposed them. When we parted in the garden, he went round to the rector's side of the house to announce (in his medical capacity) the decision at which he had arrived; while I, on my side, went back to Lucilla to make the best excuses that I could invent for Oscar, and to prepare her for our speedy removal from Dimchurch.

"Gone, without coming to say good-by! Gone, without even writing to me!"

There was the first impression I produced on her, when I had done my best to account harmlessly for Oscar's absence. I had, as I thought, taken the shortest and simplest way out of the difficulty by merely inverting the truth. In other words, by telling her that Nugent had got into some serious embarrassment abroad, and that Oscar had been called away at a moment's notice to follow him and help him. It was in vain that I reminded her of Oscar's well-known horror of leave-takings of all kinds; in vain that I represented the urgency of the matter as leaving him no alternative but to confide his excuses and his farewells to me; in vain I promised for him that he would write to her at the first opportunity. She listened, without conviction. The more perseveringly I tried to account for it, the more perseveringly she dwelt on Oscar's unaccountable disregard of her claims on his consideration for her. As for our journey to Ramsgate, it was impossible to interest her in the subject. I gave it up in despair.

"Surely Oscar has left some address at which I can write to him?" she said.

I could only answer that he was not sure enough of his movements to be able to do that before he went away.

"It is more provoking than you think," she went on. "I believe Oscar is afraid to bring his unfortunate brother into my presence. The blue face startled me when I saw it, I know. But I have quite got over that. I feel none of the absurd terror of the poor man which I felt when I was blind. Now that I have seen for myself what he is really like, I can feel for him. I wanted to tell Oscar this—I wanted to say that he might bring his brother to live with us if he liked—I wanted to prevent (just what has happened) his going away from *me* when he wishes to see his brother. You are using me very hardly among you; and I have some reason to complain of it."

While she was talking in this mortifying manner, I felt some consolation nevertheless. Oscar's disfigured complexion would not be the terrible obstacle in the way of his restoration to Lucilla that I had feared. All the comfort which this reflection could give I wanted badly enough. There was no open hostility toward me on Lucilla's part, but there was a coolness which I found more distressing to bear than hostility itself.

I breakfasted in bed the next morning, and only rose toward noon—just in time to say good-by to Grosse before he returned to London.

He was in high good spirits about his patient. Her eyes were the better instead of the worse for the exertion to which he had subjected them on the previous day. The bracing air of Ramsgate was all that was wanting to complete the success of the operation. Mr. Finch had started objections, all turning on the question of expense. But with a daughter who was her own mistress, and who had her own fortune, his objections mattered nothing. By the next day, or the day after at latest, we were to start for Ramsgate. I promised to write to our good surgeon as soon as we were established; and he engaged, on his side, to visit us immediately after. "Let her use her eyes for two goot hours every day," said Grosse, at parting. "She may do what she likes with them, except that she must not peep into books or take up pens, till I come to you at Ramsgate. It is most wonderful-beautiful to see how those new eyes of hers do get along. When I next meet goot Mr. Sebrights—hey! how I shall cock-crow over that spick-span-respectable man!"

I felt a little nervous as to how the day would pass, when the German left me alone with Lucilla.

To my amazement, she not only met me with the needful excuses for her behavior on the previous day, but showed herself to be perfectly resigned to the temporary loss of Oscar's society. It was she (not I) who remarked that he could not have chosen a better time for being away from her than the humiliating time when she was learning to distinguish between round and square. It was she (not I) who welcomed the little journey to Ramsgate as a pleasant change in her dull life which would help to reconcile her to Oscar's absence. In brief, if she had actually received a letter from Oscar, relieving her of all anxiety about him, her words and looks could hardly have offered a completer contrast than they now showed to her words and looks of the previous day.

If I had noticed no other alteration in her than this welcome change for the better, my record of the day would have ended here as the record of unmixed happiness.

But, I grieve to say, I have something unpleasant to add. While she was making her excuses to me, and speaking in the sensible and satisfactory terms which I have just repeated, I noticed a curious underlying embarrassment in her manner, entirely unlike any previous embarrassment which had ever intruded itself between us. And, stranger still, on the first occasion when Zillah came into the room while I was in it, I observed that Lucilla's embarrassment was reflected (when the old woman spoke to me) in the face and manner of Lucilla's nurse.

But one conclusion could possibly follow from what I saw: they were both concealing something from me, and they were both more or less ashamed of what they were doing.

Somewhere—not very far back in these pages—I have said of myself that I am not by nature a woman who is easily ready to suspect others. On this very account, when I find suspicion absolutely forced on me—as it was now—I am apt to fly into the opposite extreme. In the present case, I fixed on the person to suspect—all the more readily from having been slow to suspect him in by-gone days. "In some way or other," I said to myself, "Nugent Dubourg is at the bottom of this."

Was he communicating with her privately, in the name and in the character of Oscar?

The bare idea of it hurried me headlong into letting her know that I had noticed the change in her.

"Lucilla!" I said. "Has any thing happened?"

"What do you mean?" she asked, coldly.

"I fancy I see some change—" I began.

"I don't understand you," she answered, walking away from me as she spoke.

I said no more. If our intimacy had been less close and less affectionate, I might have openly avowed to her what was passing in my mind. But how could I say to Lucilla, You are deceiving me? It would have been the end of our sisterhood—the end of our friendship. When confidence is withdrawn between two people who love each other, every thing is withdrawn. They are on the footing of strangers from that moment, and must stand on ceremony. Delicate minds will understand why I accepted the check she had administered to me, and said no more.

I went into the village alone. Managing matters so as to excite no surprise, I contrived to have a little gossip about Nugent with Gootheridge at the inn, and with the servant at Browndown. If Nugent had returned secretly to Dimchurch, one of those two men, in our little village, must almost certainly have seen him. Neither of them had seen him.

I inferred from this that he had not tried to communicate with her personally. Had he attempted it (more cunningly and more safely) by letter?

I went back to the rectory. It was close on the hour which I had appointed with Lucilla—now that the responsibility rested on my shoulders—for allowing her to use her eyes. On taking off the bandage I noticed a circumstance which confirmed the conclusion at which I had already arrived. Her eyes deliberately avoided looking into mine. Suppressing as well as I could the pain which this new discovery caused me, I repeated Grosse's words prohibiting her from attempting to look into a book or to use a pen until he had seen her again.

"There is no need for him to forbid me to do that," she said.

"Have you attempted it already?" I inquired.

"I looked into a little book of engravings," she answered. "But I could distinguish nothing. The lines all mingled together and swam before my eyes."

"Have you tried to write?" I asked next. (I was ashamed of myself for laying that trap for her—although the serious necessity of discovering whether she was privately in correspondence with Nugent might surely have excused it.)

"No," she replied. "I have not tried to write."

She changed color when she made that answer.

It is necessary to own that, in putting my question, I was too much excited to call to mind what I should have remembered in a calmer state. There was no necessity for her trying to use her eyes—even if she was really carrying on a correspondence which she wished to keep secret from me. Zillah had been in the habit of reading her letters to her before I appeared at the rectory; and she could write short notes (as I have already mentioned) by feeling her way on the paper with her finger. Besides, having learned to read by touch (that is to say, with raised characters), just as she had learned to write, even if her eyes *had* been sufficiently recovered to enable her to distinguish small objects, nothing but practice could have enabled her to use them for purposes of correspondence.

These considerations, though they did not strike me at the time, occurred to me later in the day, and altered my opinion to a certain extent. I now interpreted the change of color which I had noticed in her as the outward sign of suspicion on her side—suspicion that I had a motive of my own in interrogating her. For the rest, my doubts of Nugent remained unmoved. Try as I might, I could not divest my mind of the idea that he was playing me false, and that in one way or another he had contrived not only to communicate with Lucilla, but to persuade her to keep me in ignorance of what he had done.

I deferred to the next day any attempt at making further discoveries.

The last thing at night, I had a momentary impulse to question Zillah. Reflection soon checked it. My experience of the nurse's character told me that she would take refuge in flat denial—and would then inform her mistress of what had happened. I knew enough of Lucilla to know (after what had already passed between us) that a quarrel with me would follow. Things were bad enough already, without making them worse in that way. When the morning came, I resolved to keep a watchful eye on the village post-office, and on the movements of the nurse.

When the morning came, there was a letter for me from abroad.

The address was in the handwriting of one of my sisters. We usually wrote to each other at intervals of a fortnight or three weeks. This letter had followed its predecessor after an interval of less than one week. What did it mean? Good news or bad?

I opened the letter.

It inclosed a telegram announcing that my poor dear father was lying dangerously wounded at Marseilles. My sisters had already gone to him: they implored me to follow them without one moment of needless delay. Is it necessary to tell the story of this horrible calamity? Of course it begins with a woman and an elopement. Of course it ends with a young man and a duel. Have I not told you already?—Papa was so susceptible; Papa was so brave. Oh, dear, dear! the old story over again. You have an English proverb: "What is bred in the bone—" etcetera, etcetera. Let us drop the veil. I mean, let us end the chapter.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A little five-year-old was being instructed in morals by his grandmother. The old lady told him that all such terms as "by golly," "by jingo," "by thunder," etc., were only little oaths, and but little better than other profanities. In fact, she said, he could tell a profane oath by the prefix "by." All such were oaths. "Well, then, grandmother," said the little hopeful, "is 'by telegraph,' which I see in the newspapers, swearing?" "No," said the old lady; "that's only lying."

The grandest Verse in Existence—The universe.

An Illinois farmer has told his story. He was going out to his corn crib the other morning, he says, when he saw a large rat, with head erect, carrying a full-sized ear of corn in his mouth, while at the same time his tail was wrapped around another large ear, which he was dragging behind him.

A Close Line—"The End."

Stephen Pearl Andrews states clearly enough that "the Absolutoid and Abstractoid Elementismus of Being echoes or reappears by analogy within the Relatoid and Concretoid Elaborismus." We really don't know whether to agree with him or not.

How to handle Red-hot Iron—Wait until it cools.

Puffing and blowing are often considered as synonymous terms. You will discover a difference, however, if, instead of puffing a man up, you should blow him up.

A bad Thing to Keep—Late hours.

Some one, evidently a novice, propounds the following: "Why do they do up so much more of pears, peaches, and small fruits now than formerly?"—Because they "can."

Fortune's hand, says a poverty-stricken writing-master, is remarkable for its heavy down-strokes.

Marriage is like a brilliant taper's light
Placed at a window on a summer night,
Attracting all the insects of the air
To come and singe their pretty winglets there:
Those who are out butt heads against the pane,
And those within butt to get out again.

A Final Report—The *crack* of doom.

A Proverb Extended.—"Sambo, my massa always trabbel; yours ebber stay at home." "Dat berry true, Jim; but you know what de proverb say—'Rollin' stone gadder no moss.'" "No, Sambo, but it gadder polish; and dat 'ere's a qualification your massa stan' berry much in need ob."

What parts of the body are the most useful to carpenters?—The nails.

A Connecticut ruralist drank his first glass of soda very solemnly the other day, and then, eying the clerk inquiringly, anxiously remarked, "It is all right, I s'pose?" "Why, yes," said the clerk, hesitatingly; "but what do you mean?" "Why, the darn thing won't go off in a fellow, will it?"

When is a sailor like a plank of wood?—When he is *a-board*.

A man in Kansas was present at the funeral of a neighbor of whom no good could honestly be said. But every body was saying something, and this man, not wishing to appear singular, but being incapable of lying eulogy, remarked that it was "a nice, quiet corpse."

A child is generally considered amiable when it is not *over-weening*.

"Bob, is your sister at home?" "Yes; but she won't see you to-night." "Why?" "Because she said she was going to have one more mess of onions, if she never got another beau."

Was the widow's mite placed in a *sentry-box*?

A man whose wife hanged herself in his presence, on being asked why he did not prevent the tragedy, replied, "I cut her down three times last week, and I can't be always cutting her down."

Can the *milky way* be properly called a part of the *sider'al* firmament?

A miser is far more for-getting than for-giving.

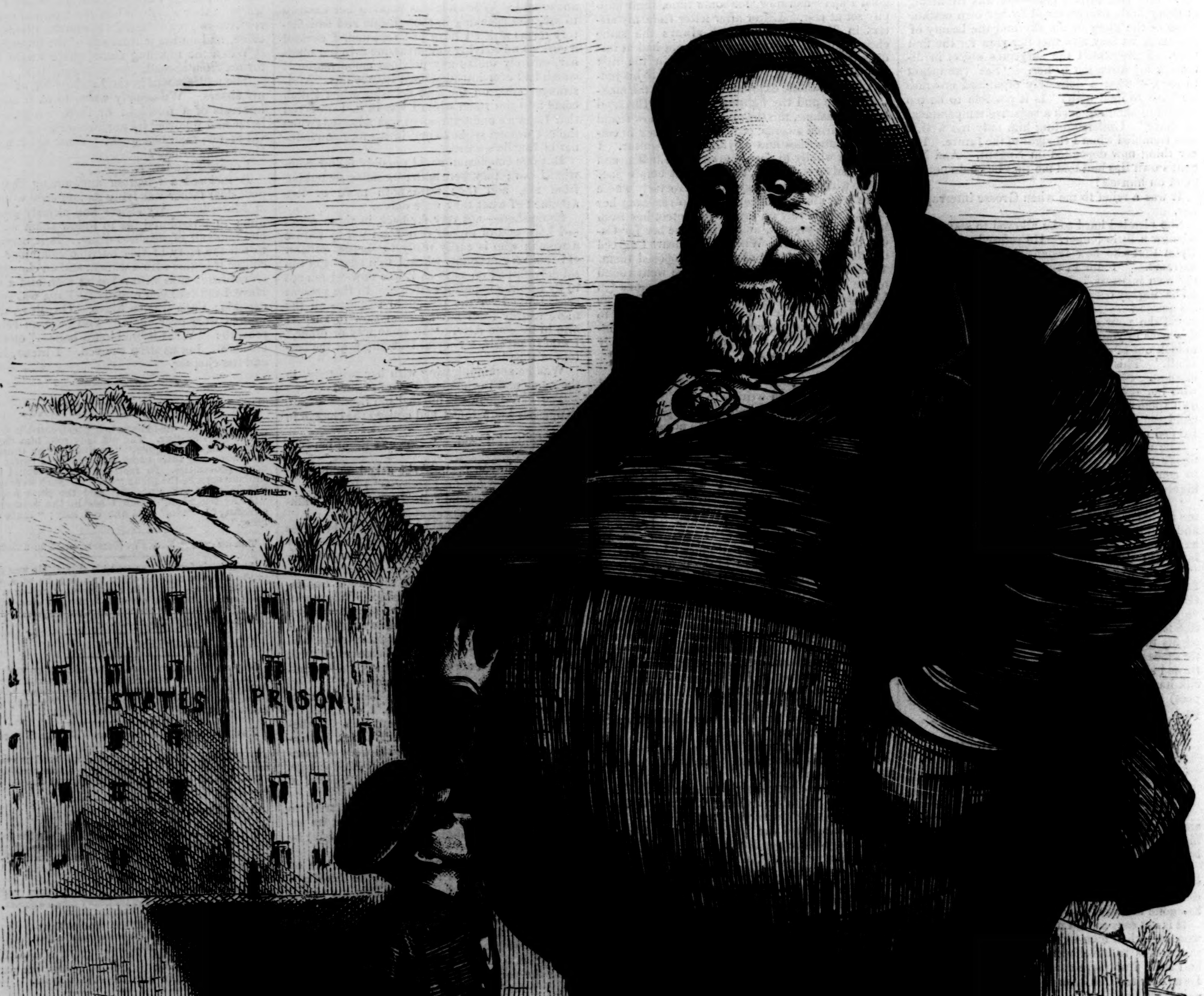
A knowing traveler out West, who had chartered half a bed at a crowded hotel, and was determined to have the best half, buckled a spur on his heel before turning in. His unfortunate sleeping partner bore the infliction as long as he could, and at last roared out: "Say, stranger, if you're a gentleman, you ought to cut your toe nails."

Hodfellows—Bricklayers' laborers.

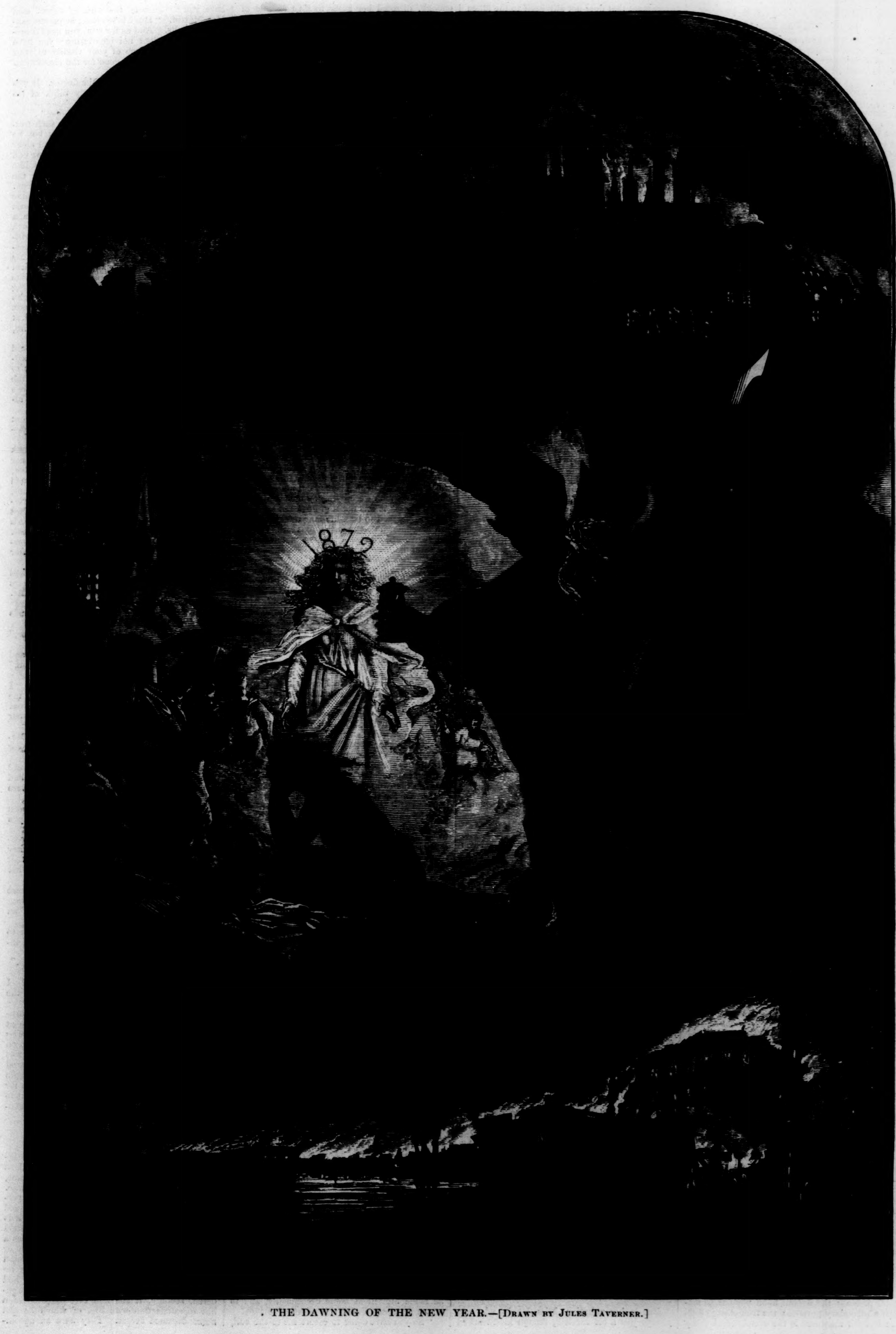
"Are you an Odd-fellow?" "No, Sir; I've been married for a week." "I mean, do you belong to the order of Odd-fellows?" "No, no; I belong to the order of married men." "Mercy, how dumb! Are you a Mason?" "No; I'm a carpenter by trade." "Worse and worse! Are you a Son of Temperance?" "Bother you; no: I'm a son of Mr. John Goslings." The querist went away.

How to keep your Head Clear—Shave your hair off.

Query—Does a dumb man always keep his word?


STATES PRISON
Th: Nast

CAN THE LAW REACH HIM?—THE DWARF AND THE GIANT THIEF.



THE DAWNING OF THE NEW YEAR.—[Drawn by Jules Taverner.]

THE BIBLE AT HUNTER'S POINT.

By EUGENE LAWRENCE.

Rev. Dr. M'Glynn, pastor of St. Stephen's (Roman Catholic) Church of this city, lectured to a crowded audience on Sunday evening, at St. Mary's Church, Hunter's Point, on "Sectarianism in our Public Schools." Before him he must have seen many of the riotous young men who had recently threatened the life of a teacher; many ignorant and thoughtless Catholics, whose unguarded passions had driven them to a gross violation of good order. It was an excellent opportunity for showing devotion to law and generous patriotism. An honest or a safe guide and pastor would have spoken to his uncultivated and rebellious audience of their folly in offering forcible resistance to the public officials; of the grateful respect they were bound to show to the regulations of the free land where they had found a shelter; of the priceless gift of liberty, which they owed to the Protestant reformers and the Protestant Bible; of the duty of educating their children to return such benefactions by a careful obedience to the few and lenient restrictions imposed by the necessities of a republican government. "Here," he might have said to his impulsive auditory, "you have found a happy home: learn to deserve it by a rational and dutiful behavior."

It is painful to observe the strange contrast of his teachings. Instead of calming passion, he strives to arouse it. In the place of lessons of patriotism or of Christian forbearance, he stimulates bigotry and awakens sectarian strife. He denounced, as reported in the New York *Times*, the reading of the Bible in the public schools; he defended, in effect, the worst outrages of the rioters. He declared that the Protestant Bible was not the Word of God, but "the invention of the Father of Lies." His address could only have been designed to add fresh intensity to the lawless zeal of the disorderly and the fanatical; a series of such addresses might awaken disturbance and riot in town and country.

We can not believe that such teachings are sanctioned by the approval of the more thoughtful Catholics. They, at least, see that the only question now undecided at Hunter's Point is whether the law shall be obeyed and the rioters punished. When that is determined, another will naturally arise: whether the Romish clergy are, in general, faithful to their duty as the citizens of a republic; whether they remember their obligations to freedom, and are the true friends of the public peace. It may be hoped that whatever may have been their errors in the past, they will in the future answer this question by a modest patriotism, and by earnest efforts to teach their people sobriety and moderation.

But what is most remarkable in this war upon the Bible, begun by the Romish priests, is that, according to their own confession, it is altogether insincere; it is not the reading of a few verses that they object to; their aims are higher: they hope to blot from existence the public school. A year or more ago, when New York was in the hands of "the Church;" when officials elected by the Romish vote controlled its finances, and Romish violence threatened the liberties of the press, of speech, of the polls; when public robbery went hand in hand with a priestly rule, and whoever ventured to complain openly was sure to be promised some terrible retribution, was in as real danger of the assassin's dagger or the rioter's bludgeon as if he had lived in Rome under the papal tyranny, Madrid under Isabella—in this golden age of the priesthood their press and their pulpits spoke openly upon the question of education. Said the Rev. Dr. Preston, a Romish priest (1870), "The exclusion of the Bible would not render the common schools satisfactory to us," and he demanded denominational schools, paid by the State. A Romish paper, the *Freeman's Journal*, declared: "We will not expose our children to association with all the children who have a right to attend the public schools." "The issue is not about the reading or not reading of the Bible in schools." "We demand of the State, as our right," said the *Tablet*, another Catholic paper, "either such schools as our Church will accept, or exemption from the school tax." The *Freeman's Journal* suggested that the question of Bible-reading might well serve to excite political disturbances in towns and villages for the annoyance of the foes of "the Church," but was of no further importance; and it declared, in the ardor of conscious power, that "the public-school system might go to where it came from"—the Father of Lies.

We should scarcely have noticed the coarse utterances of an uncultivated journal did they not indicate the real aim of the war upon the Bible. With their usual want of honesty and sincerity, the extreme faction of the Romish priests are exciting riots and threatening the lives of teachers upon a matter which they admit to be of little consequence, and toward which they profess to be indifferent. Either their journals and their pulpits, in the moment of prosperity, forgot the principles of their party, or the sermon of the Rev. Dr. M'Glynn, at Hunter's Point—who is reported to have said that the reading of the Bible in the public schools was unconstitutional, fatal to liberty, to morals, and good order, and that Spain, Italy, and Austria had enjoyed, in the papal period, a higher religious freedom than any Protestant land—was insisting upon a point that was of no moment. He should have advised his audience to assault the school itself.

A darker design is supposed, at least in Europe, to have controlled the recent policy of the papal Church. The war upon the Bible is a mere pretext; the assault upon popular education a secondary purpose; the true object of all the Romish measures is the overthrow of every government that does not ally itself to the fallen see of Rome, hasten to its rescue, replace it on its temporal throne. According to the London *Times*, November 30, even liberal Prussia has become alarmed at the menacing attitude of the Catholic priesthood, and has passed stringent laws against a body which it has heretofore openly favored and trusted. It is now credibly stated that the recent war of France against Germany was a papal crusade, planned by the Jesuits, excited by the priests; that in every German state the more violent of the Catholic priesthood were prepared to welcome the invader, and desert the cause of national freedom. In Bavaria the conduct of the Romish clergy has become so revolutionary and unpatriotic as to demand the sternest restraints of the civil power. Ireland and France are agitated by the violent measures of their priests: Rome drives out the Jesuits as traitors; even liberal Switzerland is forced to refuse them a home.

It is plainly, therefore, the duty of our own country to profit by the example of Europe, and to repel the enemies of freedom. But to do this we need no stringent laws or arbitrary restrictions. We have only to enforce the wise regulations of a general system of education. The state has the right to demand that its children be trained in republicanism and virtue; Catholic as well as Protestant must consent to abandon idle scruples or pretended opposition where the safety of the community requires it: in return for the gift of freedom, he is only expected to labor heartily for its preservation.

ONLY A TELEGRAM.

Jennie Johnson went flying down stairs at the ring of the door-bell. "It's a telegram," she said to Melissa, on returning. "I knew Hopper's ring—Hopper's the messenger."

"Not a telegram for me, I hope," said Melissa, looking up from her work. "I do hate the sight of one; they always set my teeth on edge, and make the hair of my flesh stand up. You don't think that any thing has happened to—to Ledyard?"

"Certainly not; it's addressed to Ledyard!"

"And you are opening it?"

"He gives me permission to read his telegrams when he's out of town, so that I may forward them if they are important. *You'll* have that pleasure when you are married, I suppose." And then Jennie relapsed into utter silence for full ten minutes, while Melissa fidgeted and coughed, and wondered what it was all about, too proud to ask till anxiety constrained her.

"Something *must* have happened to Ledyard, I know," she cried. "Why don't you speak, Jennie? Why do you look so—so distracted? Let me read it. I insist; it is my right, Jennie!"

"Yes," said Jennie, slowly, "it is your right; but I wouldn't read it, if I were you."

"Not read it! Do you think I am selfish enough to spare myself so weakly? If he suffers, is it too much for me to know? Give it to me this minute, Jennie!"

"Oh, I don't believe you have any idea what it is. It's worse than death! Here, read it, if you will. I hope I am not doing wrong to allow it!" And Melissa read:

> "*To Dr. Ledyard Johnson:*
>
> "Dearest,—My parents consent at last. Come to me before my heart breaks, if you still love your
>
> "Emilie."

Melissa put it down without a tremor. Jennie dared not look at her.

"I must go home," said she, with a voice as hollow as the whispers of a sea-shell, "of course. When does the next train leave, Jennie, do you know?" And then her assumed calmness melted into a torrent of tears.

"Now I feel more composed," she said: "a good cry is equal to a tonic. I might have known that it couldn't last. Only if he had told me himself! I think it would have been easier to bear if he had not deceived me. And yet he seemed in earnest. He once told me that he had never loved but one woman, and I was fool enough to think that one was myself: though he did not say so, his eyes swore to it. Oh, I have been too happy! but this ends it all. Jennie, for what are *you* crying? Tell him I hope he *will* be happy with—with Emilie. You know, I can not bring myself to like her just yet—"

"Oh, I detest her, the huzzy!" cried Jennie.

"Tell him I mean to forgive him; but I never, never wish to see his face again! Oh! oh! oh!" and another heavy dose of the aforesaid tonic; and the girls kissed and parted.

Dr. Ledyard had been expected home that night, but after Melissa had departed Jennie received a note saying that he should be detained for a week or more, and not mentioning Melissa, as her visit had been kept a secret from him, Jennie intending a surprise. When they heard his ring, Melissa was to step behind the statue of Ariadne, and while Ledyard warmed his hands at the blaze on the hearth, and dilated on the pleasures of home, hinting that there was but one delight lacking, that one delight, in the shape of Melissa, was to step from out the shadow of Ariadne, into the warmth of fire-light and embracing arms. So the little drama that Jennie had planned failed of performance, and when Ledyard's note arrived, she inclosed Emilie's telegram to his address, having written on the other side of the sheet:

> "Melissa has been visiting here. We intended a pleasant surprise for you, instead of which there was an ugly *contre-temps*. She left instantly. This horrid telegram will explain. Your sorrowful sister,
>
> "Jennie."

But in her agitation, Miss Jennie, who was always just a bit careless, though kind-hearted enough, directed her letter to East instead of West Babylon Street, number nine instead of ninety, and therefore—it being prior to the present postal arrangements, which returns a miscarried letter to the original writer at the expiration of a few weeks—Dr. Ledyard Johnson never received it. Judge of his surprise, then, when, having written to Melissa in his usual vein, his love-letter was returned to him unopened!

"I should like just to know what he says about it," Melissa had pleaded; "how he excuses himself." Having utterly resigned him, she was just dying for one word of affectionate apology and appreciation. In her own heart she had already excused him; she had pieced up a sentimental story for his apology. He had loved Emilie first, but a cruel father had interfered; then he had met Melissa herself, and had fancied she could fill Emilie's place; but oh! when she stepped aside, what happiness she had been capable of giving him!—the more costly since it was also her own happiness which she threw into the scales. Therefore she would fain have opened his letter, in order to verify her romance; but her mother, who understood human nature and the ways of the world better—to whom romance was a dead letter—said, "No, dear; it will only probe the wound; it will do no good—better return it unopened, as he deserves: there is no excuse possible." And being a high-handed woman, who always carried her point, the letter was returned. Dr. Ledyard posted down to Doverby instantly to inquire into the affair, and was told that Melissa had left town, and her mother was indisposed—she having sent Melissa away on a visit to divert her mind. At his wit's end, Ledyard wrote on his card, "Will Mrs. Vaughn give me Melissa's address?" To which she replied,

"Under the circumstances, Mrs. Vaughn thinks it wise to withhold her daughter's address from Dr. Johnson, and she is greatly surprised at his importunity—*after all.*"

Fairly puzzled, and not a little angry, Dr. Ledyard returned to town and to his patients. He had no heart or spirits for any thing, but it was his duty to see that people did not die needlessly, though he were dying by inches himself. He knew that it was not a grief to kill outright, but it threatened to be a life-long anguish. He had long known that the ambitious Mrs. Vaughn did not regard him as a brilliant match for her beautiful daughter; but that Melissa should disown her love was incomprehensible.

"How are you, doctor? Been down to see your sweetheart?" asked one of his college friends, a few days later. "How do love and cliniques agree? When are you going to marry?"

"Never," answered the doctor, gruffly.

"Eh! business bad? Don't get discouraged. This is the healthy season, eh? or is it a lovers' quarrel? March spoke of dancing with Miss Vaughn down at Grandelaw last night."

"At Grandelaw!" cried the doctor, as if a snake had stung him. Melissa returning his letters and dancing with March looked black indeed. March and he had been rival suitors from the beginning, and Grandelaw was his uncle's homestead, where March's mother and sisters spent their holidays in dancing and merry-making, and which would descend to March on the death of the old gentleman.

"Oh yes," answered the doctor, with a grim attempt at composure; "Miss Vaughn is making a visit at Grandelaw; there is some connection between the two families;" and then he took the next train for Grandelaw himself—he was not going to give Melissa up without an effort.

As he walked up the avenue toward the March homestead, at dusk, he could see the blazing wood fires shedding a glow on the low, antiquated ceilings, and filling the rooms with phantoms—and was not that Melissa at the old upright piano? Now she rises to greet March, who enters, and takes her hand in both of his, unresisted, and carries it to his lips, then leads her back again to the old upright piano, and their voices blend in some love-song, which almost freezes the heart's blood of Dr. Ledyard, standing dazed and dazzled in the avenue outside. Is Melissa happy at Grandelaw, he wonders, singing with March? Is it of her own choosing? Was she afraid of love in a cottage? Amidst all his misery he recognizes the picturesque effect of the scene, and has half a mind not to interfere. All the elements of happiness are there; but are they well mixed? Melissa comes now, and leans her head against the window-frame, and looks out across the waste of snow-heaped fields, at the neighboring orchard trees tasseled with clinging flakes, at the evening-star, like a disembodied spirit dividing the shadows: the fire-light paints a background for her such as Fra Angelico loved, lights up the bronze-brown curls, ring after ring falling from a low brow, scintillates in the wide eyes, touches the pale cheek with color—only an instant, then the vision dissolved; she started and turned away. Had she seen him waiting there in the cold outside? had she turned from him to March? Ledyard walked boldly to the door then, and asked for Miss Vaughn. A rustle of silks on the stairway, a chorus of merry voices echoing from room to room, reached him as the door opened.

"Miss Vaughn is engaged," said the servant.

"But will you tell Miss Vaughn that Dr. Ledyard Johnson particularly requests an interview?" he persisted, in desperation.

"I give your card ter the young leddy, and she says, says she, 'Tell the gentleman I'm engaged.' Them's her own blessed words, if I was ter die for it!"

Dr. Ledyard turned away, quite broken-hearted. He had a friend in the place, at whose house he made himself at home occasionally, and to whom he repaired after this rebuff of fortune.

"So you have come to escort me to the ball, have you? Just in the nick of time," said Mrs. Martin. "Hugh is so cross; he prefers caucuses to balls. And as for you, you need something cheering but not inebriating; you have been giving too much of your vitality to your sick folks. A galop is good for the circulation. Come, will you go?"

"With all my heart," said the doctor. It was so comfortable to have somebody think of his pleasure.

"And with all your heels too, I hope."

All the gentry of the place went to such frolics with their guests: who could say but he might meet Melissa there, and make it all clear between them? So they went. The dancing had already begun when they arrived; the lights, like great wreaths of flame, swung overhead; the dancers swung beneath on the tide of harmony. It seemed as if the wind, blowing through some garden, had set all the flower petals in fantastic motion—such a fluttering of gossamer, like a shining mist; such coruscations of color; such faces, gleaming one instant from out the brilliant chaos, and vanishing as suddenly; such perfumes, transporting the imagination across seas on their spicy wings into the heart of tropical valleys and Arabian nights—all floating "in time to flute, violin, bassoon." Presently the dazzling nebula resolved into groups, and Miss Vaughn passed so near, leaning upon the arm of Lennox March, that her drapery swept across Ledyard, at which she half turned her head, and seeing him, shrank away like a frightened bird.

"Come, you don't know any one here," said the young host, half an hour later, seeing Ledyard standing idle. "Let me introduce you to some partners. Here are hosts of ladies on the ascending scale from pretty to beautiful: here's Miss Vaughn, for instance. Miss Vaughn, allow me to introduce Dr. Johnson."

Miss Vaughn bowed, her lips moved without articulating. The doctor saw his opportunity—the violins were interluding.

"Will you galop, Miss Vaughn?" He took her hand as he spoke; she neither demurred nor consented. The music gave wings to their feet, drew them into the maelstrom; they seemed like leaves blown before its breath—in and out, up and down the long hall, they swung in ever-repeated circles, intersecting other orbits. Not a word was spoken between them; her curls blew out against his cheek; his arm held her. The music was the only speech heard; it interpreted every sigh, every heart-beat—wave after wave, till the galop was at an end.

"Shall we go into the conservatory?" he asked then; "or will you have an ice?" and they were walking securely away from the crowd, when Mr. March overtook them.

"Miss Vaughn," he said, "your mother sends me to fetch you. We are going home."

"*I* will take Miss Vaughn to her mother," said Ledyard, with some hauteur.

"But I am Mrs. Vaughn's embassador, and can not delegate the pleasant duty to you," laughed March.

"Miss Vaughn, I protest against this. I must speak out. Somebody has been doing me an injury. I wish to set myself right with you. Please to choose who shall conduct you to your mother—Mr. March or myself."

"After all—that has passed," murmured Melissa, "I think it would be less embarrassing for mamma if I should go with Mr. March."

"For Heaven's sake, what do you mean? What has 'passed?'" But Lennox March had swept her beyond hearing before the words were well uttered.

Her mother had warned her Dr. Johnson would say such things, and shift the blame upon some one else, if she gave him the chance.

"I am astonished, Melissa, at such unprecedented conduct!" said Mrs. Vaughn, when they were at last alone. "When I saw you in that man's arms I could hardly believe my eyes! What did he say to you?"

"He seemed to wish to explain, but there was no time."

"No time, when you were galoping half an hour or more!"

"But, mamma, it takes all one's breath to galop. But he *did* say that somebody had injured him."

"Of course he would insinuate such things."

"But may they not be true, mamma?"

"True! Where are your wits, Melissa? I believe that man could persuade you that the moon is made of green cheese!"

Dr. Ledyard returned to the city next morning, having previously called a second time at Mr. March's, and been informed that Miss Vaughn had gone over the Grandelaw hills on horseback in company with his rival. It was plain to him that she had gone in order to avoid him. He did not guess that it was Mrs. Vaughn who had accepted Lennox March's invitation for Melissa, and that she had had no choice but to obey. So the doctor returned to his duty, consoling himself with the poet's wisdom,

"If she be not fair for me,
What care I how fair she be?"

It would be a sorry Christmas for him, indeed, in spite of the poet, but he thought it best to leave his patients in the hands of his assistant, and run down to Haven to keep it with Jennie. When one has lost a sweetheart, a sister is, perhaps, the next best thing: not that he intended to talk over his grief with her, but because it is pleasant to have some one about who flatters you with small attentions, and regards you as a superior being, especially when your vanity or affection has received a shock. But he found Jennie somewhat changed too; she was by no means in her usual sprightly vein; she had nothing for him but half smiles. He wondered, secretly, if she had ever experienced a like dissatisfaction with life, of which he had never dreamed before. They were an uncommunicative family, he knew; and sisters and brothers much more readily repose sentimental confidences in strangers than in each other. To be sure, Jennie had hung the Christmas wreaths in the windows, the holly over Copley's picture of their grandmother. There was a goodly store of dainties in the pantry, too—frosted cakes surmounted by garlands of flowers done in confectionery; jellies like pyramids of rubies and crystals; grapes grown in their own vineyard, whose globes of amethyst hoarded something of summer's sweetness and perfume; apples, russet as the autumn hills, red with the life-blood of the year. But there was little of Christmas cheer besides, though the frost was on the pane, the old church-bells saluted the Christmas-eve with cracked but jubilant voices, and the moon was rising overhead, as it rose over Palestine when first the song of "Peace on earth, good-will toward men" was heard, whose echo still vibrates across the dusty centuries.

Dr. Ledyard stood before the blazing hearth, thinking what a different night it might have been had Melissa continued true; wondering what she was doing; if the fire-light still flushed her cheek in the low parlor at Grandelaw; if she and Lennox March still sung together sweet Christmas choruses. He was thinking thus bitterly, when a sharp ring at the door started both brother and sister from their reveries.

"Hopper's ring," said Jennie. She had never exchanged a word with Ledyard about the fatal telegram. If he did not choose to mention it and explain, why should she? How could she? She had not the courage. But, sitting there, it had struck her that he was looking worn and depressed, and it was on her lips to say something comforting, when the little servant entered with a yellow envelope.

"A telegraph, doctor," said she.

"I hope they haven't called me back to the city—no urgent case, I trust. Humph; poor thing, poor thing!" and he tossed the telegram upon the table.

"Is any one ill?" said Jennie. "Must you go?"

"Oh no; it's the same old story. Read it, if you wish."

Jennie took it and read—

"*To Dr. Ledyard Johnson:*

"DEAREST,—My parents consent at last. Come to me before my heart breaks, if you still love your

"EMILIE."

Then she looked up at Ledyard, who seemed to have forgotten all about it. He was still standing before the fire, looking at the picture of the "Sleeping Palace," hanging over the mantel.

"That's a capital thing, Jennie; do you know it? One would think the artist had visited the sleep-shops. It's the genuine blue sleep. See this old seneschal, who was about to blow his trumpet when the enchantment seized him, with his two cheeks distended! And there comes the fairy prince across the hills. 'The many fail, the one succeeds.' Ah! I say, Jennie, why do they always paint fairy princes with a feather in their hats?"

"But—but the telegram?" gasped Jennie.

"The telegram? Oh yes. Sad, isn't it?"

"Oh, it's the same—the very same."

"Then you have seen it before. I thought it was probable. I've had a dozen, or less, word for word. She's as mad as a March hare, you see, but quite harmless. She's one of my hospital patients, you know. She had a lover, they say, whom her father dismissed, and it affected her reason. She took the greatest fancy to me from the first, imagines I am the young man in question—it's plain she has forgotten his name—and so every little while she gives the keepers the slip and telegraphs to me. Poor child! she must be fifty years old at the least. There's a heart-wound for you. Jennie, what's the matter, dear? It *isn't* a nice story for Christmas-eve."

"Oh, it is the best story I ever heard—the very best!" she cried, rising and stretching out her arms to a charming apparition in the door-way—or could it be Melissa Vaughn, wrapped in ermine and crowned with smiles?

"I heard every word of it," said the phantom of Melissa: "so much for eavesdropping; but then, to be sure, it was an old story. I had heard it before. You see, I could not stay down at Grandelaw for Christmas—I felt in prison—so I begged mamma to come home; and there we found old Dr. Rightabout, who is my godfather, you know. Godfathers always bring gifts in the fairy-books. So this morning at breakfast we happened to be talking of insanity · and 'By-the-way, Melissa,' said he, 'there's a rival of yours at the Guinness Hospital. There's an Emilie St. Raymond in love with your Dr. Johnson—sends him telegrams by the armful of the lovingest sort. It's lucky you aren't jealous; but, bless me, she's as mad as Hamlet—been so this twenty years—perfectly harmless, though.' Do you know, Ledyard," she pursued, coming toward him and putting out her hands, "I couldn't speak a word. The tears just filled my eyes, thinking how I had sentenced you without a hearing. Don't they look terribly red?"

"They look terribly beautiful," he said, kissing the bent brow. It seemed to him that he was beginning to see through the fog.

"And mamma," continued Melissa, "who is hard upon evil-doers, but kind-hearted withal, said I must run right down this Christmas-eve and make it straight through Jennie—for we thought you were at Babylon Street still—and she is waiting in the hall hoping you will forgive us."

"I will go and help her to take off her wraps," said Jennie, leaving the lovers alone. And so the curtain falls? Nay, rises, revealing a happy Christmas-eve in store for Dr. Johnson and Miss Vaughn.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE fact that in the waters of Oregon and of Washington Territory, as well as of Alaska, salmon can not be captured with the artificial fly—nor, indeed, taken at all with the line—has been a subject of much surprise and no little disappointment to sportsmen who have tried the experiment, and the subject has been dwelt upon as exhibiting a strong contrast between the habits of the Western fish and those of the North Atlantic.

It is also maintained, and generally believed, that of the myriads of salmon that ascend the Western rivers, few or none retrace their course to the sea, but succumb to the fatigue and dangers of the ascent, and to the exhaustion produced by the spawning operation. Certain it is that the shores of the Columbia and other great streams during the salmon season are lined with dead fish throughout their entire length, furnishing food for innumerable hawks, eagles, buzzards, crows, etc., as well as for mammals of various kinds.

Quite recently, however, it has been ascertained that while the salmon will not take the fly, as stated, in the rivers, they will do so in the salt-water outside their mouths. We are informed that this fact having been ascertained within a year or two past, the officers stationed at Fort Disappointment, on the north side of the mouth of the Columbia, have been enjoying rare sport in salmon-fishing. The best ground is said to be near the light-house, directly inside the mouth of the river, where the fish are taken in the spring just previous to their upward migration. They are caught here in great numbers, and of such size (up to forty pounds) as to be very difficult to handle.

We have before us the report of the Commissioner of Agriculture for the year 1870, just from press, and find it in no way inferior to its predecessors in general and scientific value. In addition to the official reports of the heads of the different bureaus of the department, such as the Superintendent of Gardens and Grounds, the statistician, the chemist, the entomologist, and the botanist, we have a report on agriculture and meteorology by Professor POEY, and numerous special articles prepared under the direction of Mr. J. R. DODGE. Among those relating to natural history is a paper upon the food fishes of Alaska, by Mr. DALL, whose experiences in that country qualify him to speak with authority on this subject; and one upon the food products of the North American Indians, by Dr. EDWARD PALMER With so much of interest and value as is to be found in this portly volume of nearly 700 pages, it is, of course, quite impossible to do more than make brief mention of the fact of its publication.

Several months ago we announced to our readers the offer for sale of the celebrated ethnological collection of the late Dr. GUSTAVUS KLEMM, of Dresden. This cabinet had obtained a world-wide celebrity from its richness in illustrations of dress and ornaments, household utensils, furniture, warlike, fishing, and hunting implements, etc., extending from the earliest times down to the immediate present. It was in the market for a long time, and could have been purchased for $10,000; and it is a matter worthy of great regret that it was not secured to the United States. We now learn that this collection has been purchased by subscription, and transferred to Leipsic, where it forms the nucleus of the new German Central Museum of Ethnology, and around which is to be grouped whatever additional material can be procured in illustration of the general plan. An earnest appeal is made by the officers and others interested in this enterprise to their countrymen and others in the United States for contributions; and we doubt not this will be responded to liberally. It will occupy the place in Germany of the great Archæological Museum of Copenhagen; of that of Mr. BLACKMORE at Salisbury, in England; of the Museum of St. Germain, near Paris, under direction of M. MORTILLET; and of the Smithsonian and Peabody museums in the United States.

The subject of cundurango continues to excite the interest of scientific and medical men in both hemispheres. Our South American and European periodicals alike make frequent reference to the subject, taking every variety of ground in regard to the value of the drug. A member of the Pharmaceutical Society of London concludes, as the result of experiments, that the plant has very little practical value; these determinations, however, being based, according to the votaries of the article, upon experiments with inferior or spurious specimens of it.

Dr. JARAMILLO, of Guayaquil, recently announced that his experiments have not been satisfactory in the cases of cancer, but have been eminently successful in curing syphilis, as well as intestinal, urethral, and uterine ulcers caused by the syphilitic diathesis, and thinks that, whatever be the stage of the disease, very positive benefit must result from its application. Some of his experiments were tried with a decoction of the wood without the bark, but the combination of the two he considers desirable.

Reduced to a powder, he says that an ounce will kill a good sized dog, while for ordinary medical treatment a decoction obtained from not less than an ounce nor more than a pound is advisable. The milk of the plant he has applied to ulcerated surfaces, and found that this hastened cicatrization. He refers to statements of Dr. BUYON, of which we recently gave an extract, and thinks that his experiments must have been performed with some other plant, and that the guaco, or cundurango of Ecuador, is not the same as that of Colombia, the one being the *Equatoria garciana*, a name, however, not known in botanical science, the other, *Mikania guaco*. According to Dr. JARAMILLO, a man aged fifty, who had suffered fourteen months with rheumatism, and who had become contorted in an extraordinary degree, was cured in two months by the external and internal use of this substance. These statements we commit to our readers without, of course, pretending to decide what amount of importance is to be attached to them.

An unusual phenomenon was witnessed lately at Serena, in Chili, November 7, due to the reflection of the sun on some masses of clouds which extended in the form of *cirro-cumuli* along the Bay of Coquimbo. The sun's disk was seen somewhat opaque in the centre of a great cloud of a fine golden color, along the edges of which were seven more disks of a brighter golden tint, appearing as satellites around the setting orb. In the lower part of the cloud the image of part of the Bay of Coquimbo was reflected, as if seen in a gigantic mirror. The phenomena were visible for the space of seventeen minutes, when they sank gradually below the horizon, like fugitive stars in the ocean.

It is understood that Mr. DARWIN is now preparing a new edition of his "Origin of Species," in which he will answer the objections of weight which have been urged against the theory of natural selection.

Dr. HOY, in a paper before the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts, and Letters, remarks, in reference to the mammals of Wisconsin, that the elk existed in that State as late as 1863, but is now probably extinct. The moose is still found in considerable numbers. The last buffalo was killed in 1832. Antelope were also found in Wisconsin in the time of Father HENNEPIN, although now, of course, driven far to the west. Most of the wild animals are diminishing very rapidly in number, the panther and deer being almost exterminated. The otter and beaver, however, are very persistent. The last wild turkey was killed in 1846 near Racine.

Professor OPPOLZER, of Vienna, has, after a careful calculation and examination, rediscovered the planet *Erato*, which has been lost for over eight years, and has fixed its present position so that it can be readily found by the more powerful telescopes. There still remain, however, quite a number of planets, such as *Maia*, which has not been seen for fifteen years, and ten others which were seen only once, and the rediscovery of which is hindered by the want of proper opportunities of observers and of suitable telescopes.

A scientific commission in the interest of the government of Peru has lately been investigating the guano deposits of the Lobos Islands; and it is reported that the result of their inquiries has been very satisfactory, and that immense quantities of very rich guano, equal, if not superior, to that of the Chincha Islands, have been observed. The analyses of samples are said to have yielded over thirteen per cent. of ammonia. Should this be the fact, Payta, as being the nearest port, will probably become a place of considerable importance.

The Jesuit fathers of Manilla, desirous of contributing their aid toward the observations of the solar eclipse of December, 1871, not long since transmitted a draft for $2000 to the Abbé MOIGNO, in Paris, for the purchase of apparatus. Unfortunately, the long-continued Franco-German war, with its subsequent events, had broken up all the Paris establishments for the manufacture of philosophical apparatus, and it was found impossible to fill the order in time for the event.

A sensible rule has been adopted by the authorities of the American Museum of Natural History at the Central Park in this city in setting apart Monday and Tuesday especially for the use of those persons who may desire to examine the specimens in the museum for the purpose of special study. Notifications of this arrangement have been distributed to the principal learned societies throughout the country, inviting them to attend on these days, and informing them that tickets can be obtained by applying at the office of the Department of Public Works, 265 Broadway, or by letter to the museum.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

ALL children, and most grown-up people, have a "sweet tooth." When Santa Claus showers his sugar-plums, few can resist the temptation to nibble. That this nibbling is pretty extensively practiced is indicated by the fact that in New York alone there are more than four hundred manufacturers of confectionery, some of whom make an average of four thousand pounds a day through the year. Places of sale are innumerable: almost every block has its candy store, sometimes several of them. It is pleasant to be assured by those who have carefully investigated the subject, that the use of poisonous materials in coloring candies has greatly diminished within a few years. Certain fancy bonbons, made more for show than for eating, are still colored with poisonous materials, and adulterated with objectionable substances. Purchasers should understand this, and sweetmeats of this kind should never be given to children for eating. While there is no doubt that some kinds of candy are injurious—that which is made from pure sugar, with no adulteration, is usually regarded nowadays as harmless—provided it is eaten moderately, and at a proper time. Candy should never be allowed to take the place of substantial food: it should bear the same relation to ordinary food as other condiments do; and the most wholesome time for taking it is *after* a meal. To be nibbling at it all day long will surely destroy the appetite and injure the health, just as constant nibbling of any thing else would injure the health. Candy would not have to bear the blame of all the colics and headaches which befall children soon after Christmas gifts are bestowed did they not so often carry a pocketful of it around with them. The common substances used for adulteration are starch, terra alba, and clay; and, unfortunately, some manufacturers who make pure confectionery make also an adulterated kind, which they sell to a certain class of customers. An adulteration may readily be detected by taking a tumbler of water and dissolving a piece of candy in it. If the candy is pure, it will completely dissolve; if one of the articles above mentioned is in it, there will be a precipitate. Although starch is harmless, and terra alba and clay, being insoluble, may produce no harm when taken in small quantities, yet the sale of an adulterated article for a pure one is a cheat; and if every pound thus sold were returned at once, and the money paid for it or pure candy demanded, it would be but a short time before adulterated confectionery would be banished from the market.

A French physician, Dr. Paillon, announces a new cure for a cold in the head. It consists merely in inhaling ammonia through the nose. If the sense of smell is completely obliterated, the bottle should be kept under the nose until the pungency of the volatile alkali is felt. The bottle is then removed, but only to be reapplied after a minute; the second application, however, should not be so long. This operation should be repeated rapidly, until relief is experienced.

The Shah of Persia is very unpopular. On a recent return from a hunting expedition thousands of people, covered with dust and ashes, received him with seditious cries. Famine, cholera, and want of employment create lawlessness in any community.

The following appears in an English journal under the heading, "An Interesting Accident:"

> "When the Emperor and Empress of Brazil were at Naples they visited the Azure Grotto. The empress remained outside in a yawl, the sea being rough at the time. Her majesty was seated beside the helmsman, when he let the handle of the rudder slip from his hand. In leaning over to catch it, he lost his balance and fell overboard. Just as he was disappearing, the empress caught hold of him, and by a great effort succeeded in saving his life."

According to report, the Bois de Boulogne, which was devastated during the late war, is to be replanted with forest trees of fifteen years' growth. Of course the difficulty and expense of transplanting matured trees is very great.

Sandringham, the present residence of the Prince of Wales, was founded by the Governor of Bruges, in Flanders, about the middle of the sixteenth century. In the seventeenth century it passed into the possession of a family named Van Hoost. Afterward it passed from one hand to another, until, quite recently, it was owned by Hon. Spencer Cowper. When the Prince of Wales became of age it was first proposed that he should have a residence in the midst of his great estate in the Duchy of Cornwall and Werrington Park. This, however, was decided to be too remote. Sandringham was at that time in the market; and as the shooting was good there—a matter of importance to the prince—it was purchased. The place is always understood to have pleased its owner. The present Sandringham House is a spacious and splendid mansion, which has been completed but a short time.

In the extensive system of railways which the Russian Emperor is now building he uses a different gauge from that of any adjoining country. Consequently cars and locomotives of other countries will not be useful in Russia. In case of war, there is wisdom in such an arrangement on the part of the Emperor.

The most beautiful collection of pearls belongs, it is said, to the Dowager Empress of Russia. Her husband was exceedingly fond of her, and as he shared with her a fancy for gems of this kind, he sought for them all over the world. But he would purchase none that had been worn already, and none but perfect spheres; so it was not an easy matter to find what was wanted. After twenty-five years search he presented to his empress a necklace such as the world had never seen before.

The latest innovation is the use of an electro-magnet as a plugging instrument to fill teeth.

A curiosity in the shape of a portable villa has been made in Paterson, New Jersey, and has been, or will be, sent to Peru. This building is thirty-four feet square, with a balcony eight or ten feet wide around the whole of it, is one story high, and has a cupola ten feet square in the middle of the roof, intended for ventilating purposes. The interior is divided into three suits of rooms, making eight in all, including a parlor twenty-four by twelve feet, connecting by folding-doors with another room ten by twelve feet. All these rooms connect with each other, and nearly all have separate exits to the veranda, and by opening all the doors the house has six halls its entire length, three in one direction and three in another. The partitions and outer walls are double, with air spaces in the middle, so that sound is not transmitted through them. These partitions can be easily and quickly removed, throwing the whole interior into one apartment, and as readily replaced. The house is built in sections, fastened by wooden pins and bolts, without nails. It is abundantly lighted and ventilated, and the ornamentations, while light and fanciful, are in exceedingly good taste.

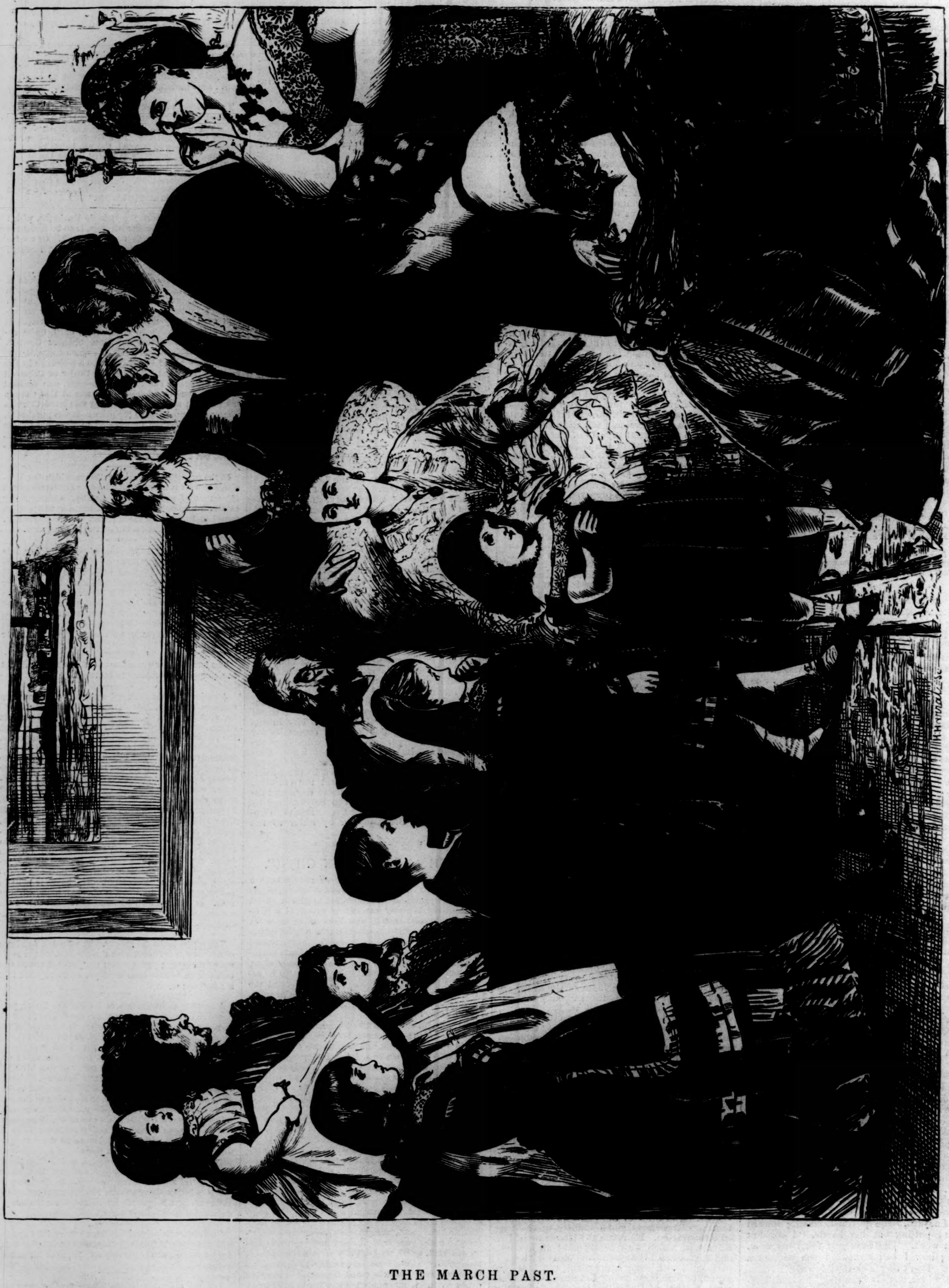
The future looks dangerous. The French Academy of Sciences is occupied with the question of the sun's near extinction; and a rising philosopher announces that our globe may soon be expected to explode into a mass of cinders.

A novelty in journalism is the *Foreign Times*, published in London in three languages—English, French, and Spanish. This is said to be the first journal of the kind in which the several divisions are original, and not translations one of the other. Each department is written by native journalists, though the views and politics are identical. A dual paper of this kind has existed for some years in Central America, the well-known Panama *Star and Herald* being printed in English and Spanish, but it is addressed only to the residents on the Isthmus. The new journal is more ambitious, and aims at a wider range of readers. The editors boast that it can be read and understood over the greater part of the civilized world, since its three tongues divide the majority between them. As a commercial organ it is likely to be very useful, as it is intended to circulate in the English, French, and Spanish colonies, and Central and Southern America. In English politics it is Liberal-Conservative; in French it inclines to Bonapartism; in Spanish internal affairs it has not yet committed itself to any party.

The new "air power" has been successfully applied at Brunswick, Maine, and furnishes the motive agent for an engine, at the railway station, used for sawing wood.

In Constantinople the new Tram-way Company have curtained off a portion of every omnibus for the exclusive use of women.

Diamond-digging in South Africa, as in all El Dorados, is a sort of lottery. For instance: three brothers worked separately, but near each other. One of them, for a year's work, realized about fifty dollars over expenses; the other brothers realized ten thousand dollars each. Yet the work requires men of robust health, steady habits, and plenty of patience. The advice generally given by those who know is that no man who has already a remunerative employment should engage in the work, and no man should go to the fields without reserving money enough to take him back in case of failure.



THE MARCH PAST.

THE MARCH PAST.

By A BACHELOR COUSIN.

When the Thompsons invite, on a Christmas-night,
Their bachelor cousin—meaning me—
They expect his aid at the grand parade
Of their charming and numerous progeny.

Sweet little dears, these Volunteers!
Jenny, papa's pet, leads the van;
And then comes Grace, with a diffident face;
Then Alfred, who's quite a diminutive man.

He has grown so big that it's *infra dig.*,
In his opinion, to march past thus;
'Mid a parcel of girls, all collars and curls
And bows and ribbons—he hates such fuss!

But Lucy and Milly are not so silly;
They love to be looked at and praised, 'tis clear;
So they march with pride on either side
Of Field-Marshal Nurse, who brings up the rear.

Grasping her toy with a face of joy,
Miss Baby cares little for admiration;
But she crows with delight at the welcome sight
Of such a smartly dressed congregation.

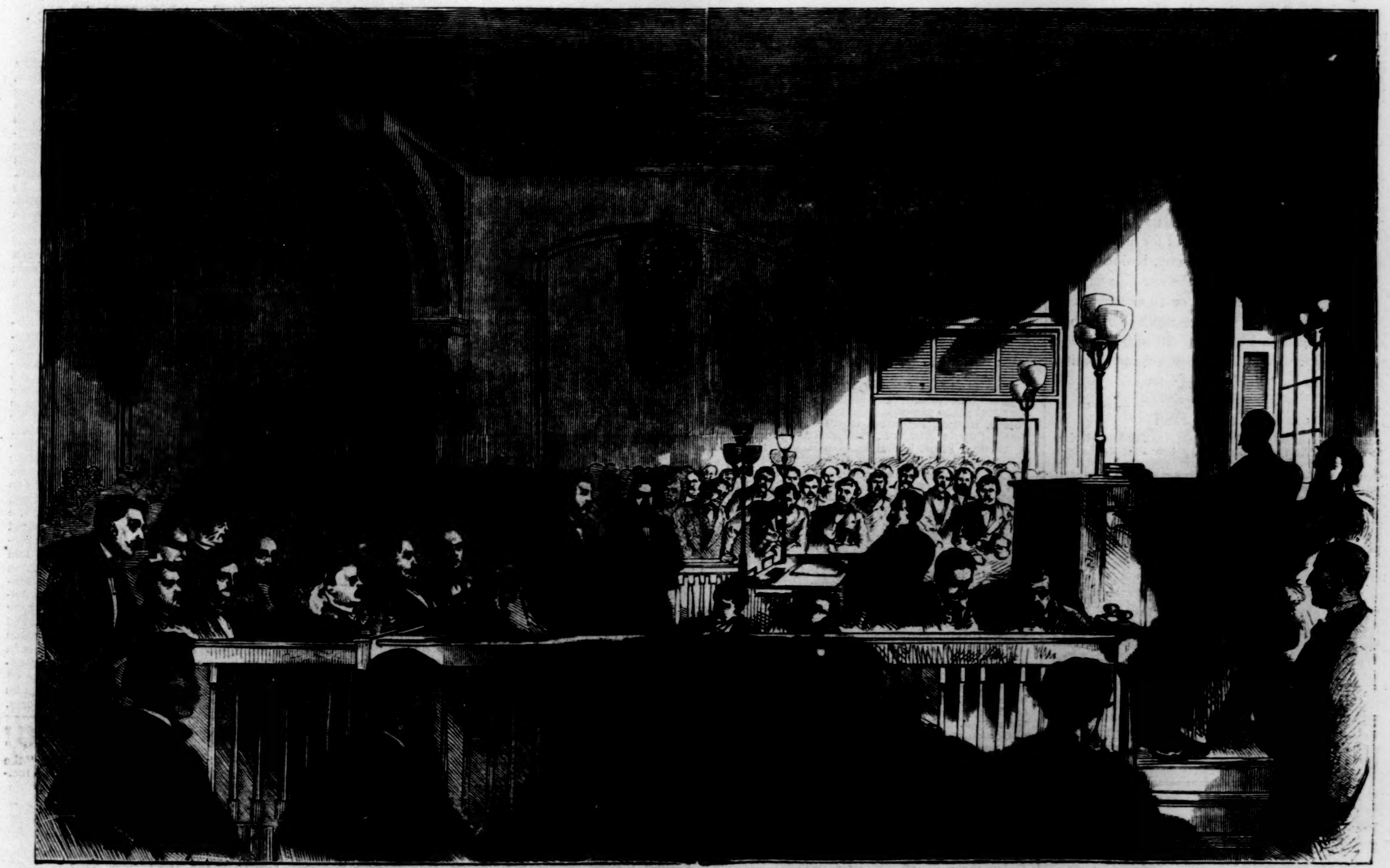
As I watch this *levee*, this charming bevy,
I feel quite a selfish bachelor elf;
And Thompson is beaming all over, and seeming
To say, "See, papa is enjoying himself!"

My Thompson cousins, may you have dozens
Of children, a happy, prosperous clan;
But just reflect—is it kind to expect
Me to come and review them—a single man?

As well ask Quakers to be partakers
Of Autumn campaigns on a Hampshire Down;
For I'm thirty-one—had I only done
What I ought!—here I glance at Isabel Brown.

How cold and cruel I've been to that jewel!
I wonder will she forgive me now?
Can it be too late? Shall I ask her to state
Her objections under the mistletoe bough?

Having kissed her neatly, I'll say, discreetly,
"I envy the Thompsons' grand parade:"
Then, perhaps, by-and-by, dearest Bella and I
May enjoy a "march past" of our own brigade.



ARRAIGNMENT OF W. M. TWEED IN THE COURT OF GENERAL SESSIONS.—[Drawn by Theo. R. Davis.]

THE COMMITMENT OF TWEED.

We briefly announced in our last number that Mr. **Tweed** had been arrested on the charge of felony, and committed to the Tombs. Had our forms been open for an hour later, we should have been able to announce that a writ of *habeas corpus* was immediately sued out, the prisoner taken before Judge **Barnard**, and admitted to bail in the paltry sum of five thousand dollars.

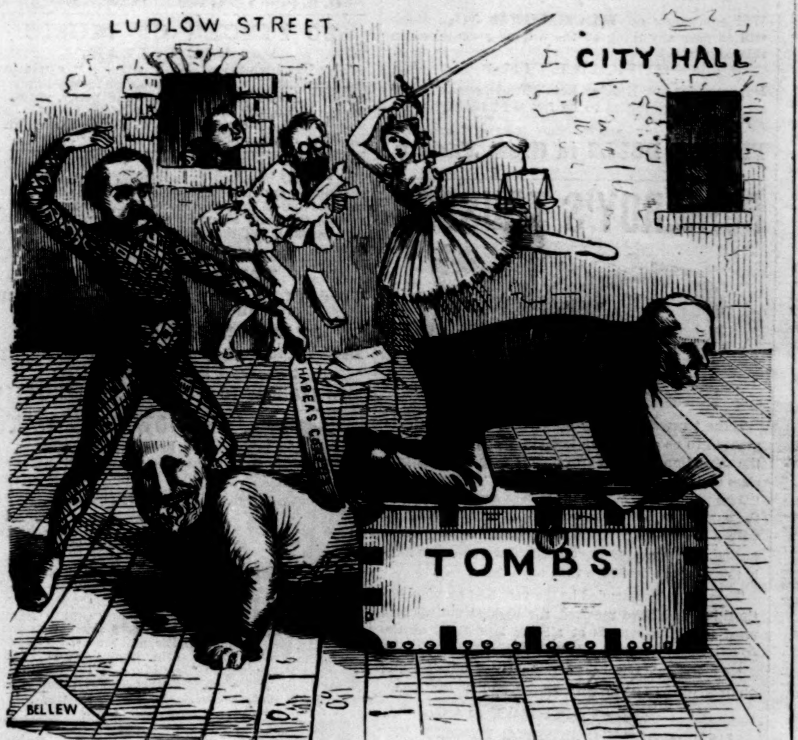
The first illustration on this page represents the scene in the court-room of the Court of General Sessions, Judge **Bedford**, when District Attorney **Garvin** moved the commitment of Mr. **Tweed** without bail. After some angry remonstrance on the part of the prisoner's counsel, the motion was granted. Judge **Bedford** gave the defense the opportunity to offer argument against granting the motion, but this was declined, Mr. **Tweed**'s counsel having determined to make application for bail in another court.

As soon as the proceedings in the Court of General Sessions had terminated, Sheriff **Brennan** removed his portly prisoner to the office of the District Attorney, who received him with as much consideration as could have been shown to the greatest and best man in the country. Judge **Barnard** was near at hand, and to him Mr. **Tweed**'s counsel at once applied for a writ of *habeas corpus* to bring before him the body of the prisoner. The writ was promptly granted, and word to that effect having been sent to the Sheriff, he emerged from the District Attorney's office, and started with his prisoner for the Tombs.

As had been arranged, the party was intercepted just outside the building, and the writ served upon the Sheriff. The prisoner was brought before Judge **Barnard**, and after brief argument Mr. **Tweed** was admitted to bail, as previously stated, on a sum which was merely nominal. Mr. **Tweed** immediately repaired to the Metropolitan Hotel, where he held a prolonged and very jolly levee. The whole affair was admirably arranged to please Mr. **Tweed** and his friends. The deputy-sheriff who served the warrant of arrest upon the Boss treated him with the utmost consideration—in fact, his manner indicated the most abject distress at being compelled to arrest so great a man, and he obsequiously and solicitously begged his prisoner to say what could be done for his accommodation. The farce of waiting in the office of the District Attorney while the writ of *habeas corpus* was preparing was played with all the effrontery and disregard of usage and public opinion which have characterized the course of Mr. **Tweed** and his friends since the beginning of the war upon the Ring. In the ordinary course of things Mr. **Tweed** would have been immediately transferred from the presence of Judge **Bedford** to the Tombs, without enjoying the hospitalities of the District Attorney's office; but there is a vast difference between the treatment of a common criminal and one who has the District Attorney for a friend, his own son as Assistant District Attorney, and a firm ally in the Sheriff.

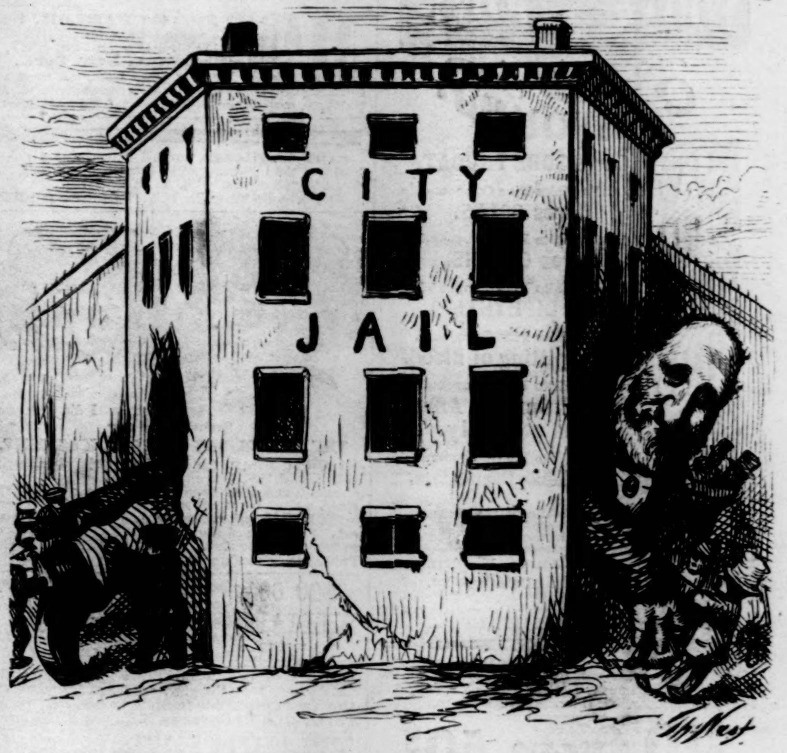
The indictment on which Mr. **Tweed** was arraigned is very bulky, and to quote the substance even of the several counts would exceed our limits. They embody the charges which have been made against Mr. **Tweed** and his associates through the columns of the New York *Times* and other newspapers which have waged war against the Ring, together with other matters which were developed in the course of the investigation by the Grand Jury. Among other things, he is charged with fraudulently writing his name upon certain papers purporting to be claims against the county, and of thus receiving for his own use large sums of money. One of the papers referred to is a voucher for $41,481 from **Keyser** & Co. This claim, bearing **Tweed**'s signature, was subsequently audited by the County Auditor, and signed by Mayor **Hall**, and subsequently signed by R. B. **Connolly**. **Tweed** is charged with misrepresentation, as the claim had never passed the Board of Supervisors, and could not have been found correct by them, and that the claim was unjust and a sham; and that though some work had been done and some materials furnished, yet they were so cunningly included in the items of the claim indorsed by W. M. **Tweed** that the specific and actual portion done the jurors could not say, but that the actual amount was not two-thirds of what was stated to have been done in that claim, and that Mr. **Tweed** so knew at the time.

The two illustrations below faithfully reflect the sentiment of the thinking public on the arrest and bailing out of this man.



THE TAMMANY HUMPTY-DUMPTY.

Amusing Trick Scene of "Now you've got him, and now you haven't," in the Laughable Burlesque of the "Brazen Ring."



"STONE WALLS DO NOT A PRISON MAKE."—*Old Song.*

"No Prison is big enough to hold the Boss." In on one side, and out at the other.

THE readers of *Harper's Weekly* will find the most complete assortment of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Underwear, Gloves, etc., etc.; also Robes de Chambre and House Coats, for Holiday Presents, at UNION ADAMS & CO.'S, 637 Broadway, near Bleecker St., N. Y.—[*Com.*]

EXAMPLE FOR THE LADIES.

MR. GILBERT BROWN, of Williamsburg, N. Y., bought a $55 Wheeler and Wilson Machine in 1856 (price then $100); borrowed most of the money to pay for it; has supported his family with it; bought and paid for a house and lot, paid taxes, church dues, etc., besides doing his family sewing. During the war he averaged daily 8 infantry frock coats, or 10 cavalry jackets, or 8 military over-coats. Since then he has earned at custom work from $3 to $5 per day of 9 hours, and would not now sell his machine for the price he paid for it.—[*Com.*]

A HARMLESS

And most delightful toilet preparation for beautifying the complexion and preserving the skin is Laird's "Bloom of Youth." Genuine prepared only by George W. Laird. It is perfectly simple and pure, and warranted free from any material detrimental to health. It is far superior to the old fashion beautifiers, such as powders, chalk, meen fun, etc., etc., for imparting youth and beauty to the skin. The "Bloom of Youth" is preferable to any other preparation offered for the same purpose. Sold at all druggists and fancy-goods stores. Depot, 5 Gold St., N. Y.—[*Com.*]

PYLE'S O. K. Soap, Saleratus, and Cream-Tartar, first-class household articles that will speak for themselves on trial, sold by all first-class Grocers. JAMES PYLE, Manufacturer, 350 Washington St., N. Y.—[*Com.*]

"E. HOWARD & Co." are the Pioneer Watchmakers of this country, and their watches as well as clocks are celebrated for their accuracy and durability. Manufactory at Boston, Mass. Office, 15 Maiden Lane, N. Y.—[*Com.*]

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer prevents the hair from turning gray, and returns gray hair to its natural color.—[*Com.*]

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION.—The oldest paper for young people in the country—noted for its charmingly written stories, and for the rare and judicious skill with which it is edited.—[*Com.*]

COLGATE & CO.'S "CASHMERE BOUQUET"
For the Holidays.—[*Com.*]

GOULDING'S Ink and Stain Extracting Crayon removes Ink, Iron-Rust, and like stains. Druggists keep it.—[*Com.*]

"WE consider *Burnett's Flavoring Extracts* superior to any others."—*Parker House, Boston.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

"A BAD COLD," "A BAD COUGH," "A SORE THROAT:" Consumption! What is the Cause, Prevention, and Cure of Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, &c.? Can they be *successfully treated without medicines?* For all the best information on the whole subject, as to *how* and *what* to do, see JANUARY NO. PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL—30 cents, or $3 a year. Address S. R. WELLS, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

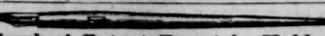
WHITE PINE
COMPOUND.

DR J. W. POLAND'S WHITE PINE COMPOUND

Cures SORE THROAT.
Poland's White Pine Compound,
Cures COLDS.
Poland's White Pine Compound,
Cures COUGHS.
Poland's White Pine Compound,
Cures DIPHTHERIA.
Poland's White Pine Compound,
Cures Spitting of Blood.
Poland's White Pine Compound,
Cures Pulmonic Affections generally.
Poland's White Pine Compound,
Cures Kidney Complaints.

"For health comes sparkling in the streams,
From cool Chocorua stealing;
There 's iron in our Northern winds;
Our pines are trees of healing."
JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Prepared at the New England Botanic Depot,
87 Court St., Boston.
GEO. W. SWETT, M.D., Proprietor.



Hawkes' Patent Fountain Holder—Nickel Plate, $1; Hard Rubber, $1 50 and $3 00. Writes one to ten hours. Use any pen. By mail. Send stamp for circular. G. HAWKES, 66 Nassau St., N. Y.

$10 from 50 Cts
12 SAMPLES sent (postage paid) for Fifty Cents, that retail easily for Ten Dollars. R. L. WOLCOTT, N.Y.

FUN! Send stamp to AM. EAGLE, Stoughton, Mass.

S. BRAINARD'S SONS'
GREAT CENTRAL MUSIC PUBLISHING HOUSE,

CHARLES S. BRAINARD.
HENRY M. BRAINARD.
CLEVELAND, O.

TO THE MUSICAL PUBLIC.

We would call the attention of the readers of *Harper's Weekly*, and the Musical Public generally, to our valuable and extensive catalogue of Musical Publications. We have recently purchased of Messrs. ROOT & CADY, Chicago, their entire catalogue of sheet music, which, added to our own, gives us the

LARGEST AND BEST LIST OF MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS IN THE COUNTRY.

The attention of Music-dealers, Teachers, and Musicians is called to the advantages secured to them at our establishment. Any piece of Music or Music-Book published in the country will be mailed, postpaid, to any address on receipt of price. *The Musician's Guide*, our new and complete Catalogue of Music, two large volumes of over 700 pages, contains the title, key difficulty, author, and price of over 10,000 pieces of Music, also *Biographical Sketches* of all the more prominent Composers known to the Musical World, and a *Graded Course* prepared expressly for this work, which is invaluable to Dealers or Teachers. A copy will be sent free to any address on receipt of ten cents for postage. The following are some of our latest and most popular Music-Books, any of which will be sent, postpaid, to any part of the country on receipt of the price:

Song Diamonds.—A collection of over one hundred beautiful songs, with accompaniments for Piano, Organ, or Melodeon. A book for every singer. The music in this volume would cost over $35 if purchased in usual sheet form. Price, bound in boards, $2 50; in cloth, $3 00; in full gilt (an elegant gift edition), $4 00.

The Golden Chord.—This is one of our most popular music-books. It contains nearly two hundred beautiful piano pieces, consisting of Waltzes, Marches, Polkas, Dances, Fantasias, Opera Airs, Four-Handed Pieces, Popular Airs, &c., and forms a complete library of music. Price, bound in boards, $2 50; in cloth, $3 00; in full gilt (an elegant gift edition), $4 00.

The Album Comique.—A collection of popular new comic songs. Contains over fifty of the best comic songs of the day. Price $1 50.

The Crystal.—A new singing-book for Conventions, Classes, Singing-Schools, Choirs, Quartette Clubs, and the Social Circle. By F. H. PEASE. This is one of the most useful books ever issued. It contains Glees, Songs, Quartettes, Choruses, Hymn tunes, and a complete elementary department. Price $1 50, or $13 50 per dozen. A single specimen copy will, for a limited time, be sent, postpaid, for $1 25.

The Pearl, by J. M. KEIFFER, is the *best* and most successful Sunday-school music-book published in years. It is pronounced superior to all others by every one who tries it. Price, in boards, 35 cents; $30 per hundred. Specimen copy, 25 cents. Sold by all booksellers.

The School and Home.—One of the best books for Schools, Seminaries, Classes, or the Home Circle ever published. It contains Songs, Duets, Trios, Quartettes, Hymn tunes, &c., and a complete course of elementary instructions, with suitable exercises for practice. It is used in a number of the largest public and private schools in the country, and gives universal satisfaction. Price 60 cents; $6 00 per dozen.

Kimball's Organ Voluntaries.—A collection of beautiful music, arranged expressly for Pipe or Reed Organs, from the best composers. It contains just such music as is needed for Church or Parlor use, of moderate difficulty, and should be in the hands of every organist. This new work supplies a long-felt need of a good collection of *Cabinet Organ Music.* Thirty thousand Cabinet Organs are made annually in this country, and the demand for music especially adapted to them has been very great. *Kimball's Organ Voluntaries* contains just such music as is needed, and will be welcomed by every organist. By HORACE E. KIMBALL. Price, neatly bound, $2 00.

Winner's Primary School for Violin.—A new, easy method of instruction for violin, by SEP WINNER, containing a large amount of new and popular music, and complete elementary instructions. This is the latest and best work of the popular writer. Price 75 cents.

Winner's New Method for the Piano-Forte.—A complete, easy system for learning to play this favorite instrument, with the rudiments of music, exercises for daily practice, and a large variety of beautiful piano-forte music.

Winner's New Method for Reed Organ.—An entirely new and simple method, with all the necessary instructions, which can be used either with or without a teacher. This new book will supply a long-felt want for an easy and comprehensive method of instruction for Reed Organs.

Winner's New Method for Melodeon.—Containing complete instructions for beginners, and a large amount of new and popular music.

In ordering the above be sure and get WINNER'S NEW METHODS, published by S. BRAINARD'S SONS. They are the *latest* and *best* works by this popular writer. By SEP WINNER. Price 75 cents each.

Brainard's Melodic School for Violin.—An improvement upon all other instruction books in Progressive Arrangement, Adaptation, and Simplicity, containing the best Studies and Lessons of Campagnoli, Spohr, Pazas, Wichtl, De Beriot, Bailot, Rode, &c., to which are added over one hundred melodic amusements arranged for two violins. This work is fast superseding all other methods of instruction for the violin, and is being adopted by the leading teachers throughout the country. Price, complete (240 large quarto pages), $4 00; Abridged, $3 00.

Brainard's Opera Melodies.—A collection of beautiful music for Violin or Flute, selected from the works of Bellini, Auber, Donizetti, Mozart, Rossini, &c., arranged as Solos, Duets, or Trios. This work contains all the popular airs from the standard operas, and forms a most attractive collection of music for the above instruments. Price $1 50.

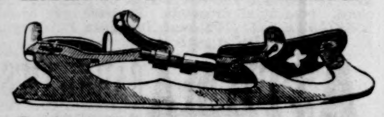
Brainard's Violinist's Companion.—A choice collection of Melodies from Operas, New Quadrilles, Waltzes, Polkas, Schottisches, Popular Airs, &c.; also, selections from the works of Pazas, Campagnoli, Rossini, &c., arranged for one and two violins. This is a fine collection of music, which no violinist should be without. It has an immense sale, and deserves its popularity. Price 75 cents.

The Favorite Musical Monthly—**BRAINARD'S MUSICAL WORLD,**
The most popular Musical Magazine in the country. Circulation, 25,000 copies monthly. Each number contains twenty-four pages of choice new Music and original reading-matter. Over $20 worth of Music given in every volume. Only $1 00 per year, with elegant premiums for clubs, consisting of Pianos, Organs, Music, Books, Chromos, Sewing Machines, Albums, Music-Boxes, &c. No one interested in Music can afford to be without *The Musical World.* Specimen copies, containing a large amount of beautiful new Music, complete Premium List, and full particulars, sent on receipt of ten cents.

☞ Send for Catalogues. Address all orders to

S. BRAINARD'S SONS, Music Publishers, Cleveland, O.

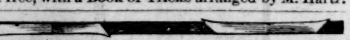
PECK & SNYDER'S
AMERICAN CLUB SKATE.



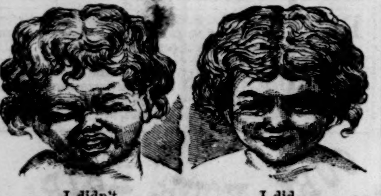
Requires no Heel-Plates, and can be adjusted in one minute. Made of the best welded Steel, and warranted. Sample Pairs, C. O. D., $7 00. Sizes of Foot-Plate, 8½ to 11½ inches, which must correspond with length of Shoe. PECK & SNYDER, Manufacturers,
126 Nassau Street, N. Y.

P. S.—Send for Catalogue of 50 styles of Skates and Toy Steam-Engines, from $1 50 to $15 00.

MAGIC FOR the PARLOR. Send a stamp for a price-list. HARTZ CONJURING REPOSITORY, **743 Broadway, New York.** Hartz's Magic Euchre Pack, the most astounding card tricks can be done without practice. $2, post free, with a Book of Tricks arranged by M. Hartz.



$500 Challenge (toward expense of a public test) that the Lightning Saws excel in speed, ease, and simplicity all others. E. M. BOYNTON,
No. 80 Beekman St., N. Y., Proprietor and M'f'r.



I didn't I did

Subscribe for
THE SCHOOL-DAY VISITOR MAGAZINE,

$1 00 a Year, the boys' and girls' old favorite. Established 1856, hence the oldest as well as the best, cheapest, and most popular. **Mamma's Birthday,** a large new $3 00 steel engraving, for fifty cents extra, to every subscriber. **More Agents Wanted.** Send a green stamp for specimens and the tools to use in forming clubs. J. W. DAUGHADAY & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.

$20 00 BILLIARD TABLE. For long Winter Evenings. Full size Cues and Balls. Quick Rubber Cushions. Diagram sent free.
Address ABBOT & NICHOLLS,
95 Liberty St., N. Y.

TOYS.—PATENT LEAPING HORSES, for Children from two to eight years of age, $10, warranted; also Velocipedes, Swings, Sleds, Skates, &c. LEWIS P. TIBBALS, 512 Broadway, N. Y., opp. St. Nicholas.

THE LITTLE FLIRT.—The meaning of all Handkerchief, Fan, Glove, and Parasol Flirtation Signals. An elegant bound volume. By mail, 25 cents. FISHER & DENNISON, **98 Nassau St., N. Y.**

$425 A MONTH! Horse and carriage furnished. Expenses paid. H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Me.

TOYS.

STRASBURGER & PFEIFFER,

394 BROADWAY, N. Y.,
IMPORTERS OF
GERMAN, FRENCH, & ENGLISH TOYS.

Our Holiday Exhibition

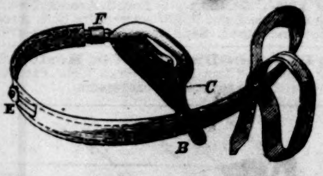
Will commence on **DECEMBER 5th,** which will surpass any thing of the like ever exhibited in this country.

SPECIALTIES

Imported for our Holiday Retail Trade, consisting of all the latest novelties to be found in the European market.

FRENCH DOLLS in Great Variety.

POMEROY'S TRUSSES.



These trusses are made under six different patents granted to us during the last six years, and embody the most important improvements ever made in this class of instruments. Our celebrated "Finger Pad," "Adjustable," and "Night" Trusses are unrivaled for the support of hernia, combining the utmost security with a degree of comfort unattainable by any other means; and hence, as experience shows, are more likely to effect a radical cure than any other.

They are recommended by the very best surgical authorities, and have received the highest awards and most flattering reports at all the late Fairs of the American Institute.

No one should purchase a Truss without first calling on or writing to us for information and advice.

POMEROY & CO.,
744 BROADWAY, COR. ASTOR PLACE, N. Y.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS.—A. A. MARKS, 575 Broadway, N. Y. City, Inventor and U. S. Gov't Manf'r of FIRST PREMIUM Artificial Limbs, with Rubber Hands and Feet. Send for Illustrated Pamphlet, free

GEORGE ANDERSON:
A MUSICAL MIRACLE.

We have often heard of pounding knowledge into a child's head, but never knew of any thing so near a practical demonstration of it as in the case of a young gentleman in Michigan. From the time he was ten years old, at intervals of from one to three years, he has been subjected to severe falls—of course by accident—though seemingly the design of some far-seeing Fate. He has fallen from trees, from ladders, down flights of stairs, and has been thrown from carriages. Always striking on his head, severe concussion of the brain has more than once ensued, and several times his life has been despaired of. But his accidents seem to have developed a musical genius where none existed before, and from each fall he has arisen with added capabilities, until now, at the age of a little more than twenty years, he is such an *improvisatore* as is seldom seen. His favorite instrument is the piano, for which he composes both instrumental pieces and songs. The former are always impromptu. He can sit down to the piano and give you, off hand, a dashing quickstep, galop, or polka, an entrancing *capricio*, or fascinating waltz. As for the songs, he runs his fingers over the keys an instant in a kind of prelude, then follows a plaintive or lively melody, as he is in the humor, and by the time he has played the melody once or twice he has the words arranged in his mind and is ready to write both words and music in a fair copy for the publisher. His music seems as though inspired. It is all beautiful. The songs especially show a perfect adaptation of music to words and words to music not often found in this day of machine-made songs. His melodies are simple and perfect, and go straight to the heart of the hearer. His words are *ideas*, and not a mere jumble of nonsense crammed in to fill out the measure. We prophesy for this young and inspired song-writer a popularity equal to that of the late Stephen C. Foster, whose songs have been sung, and hummed, and whistled wherever melody could lighten care. The name of this fortunate victim of unfortunate accidents is given to the public as "GEORGE ANDERSON." He has until very recently refused to have his music published, as he writes for pleasure, and not for profit; but an arrangement has now been made whereby his songs are issued by a publishing house in the city where he at present resides, and whose advertisement will be found elsewhere. Each piece of George Anderson's music bears upon its title-page an excellent photograph of the talented young composer.

LISTEN TO THE MUSIC!

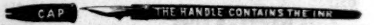
Beautiful new songs by GEORGE ANDERSON, "the young and inspired song-writer"—"All beautiful melodies."

Eglantine.
Jenny's Gone Away.
Poor Old Joe.
Down in the Hazelwood Dell.
A Wanderer far from Home.
Come Kiss Me Good Night.
The Girl in White P K—Song and Dance.
Dancing Like the Leaves— "
Who is She?— "
The Picnic Party—Comic.
Wake up, Jocelynda!— "

Price, with photograph of GEORGE ANDERSON, 40 cts. each; plain, 30 cts. Any four of the above (including one with photograph) sent free for one dollar. Address JOHN REYNOLDS, Music Publisher, Jackson, Michigan.

(See article headed "George Anderson: A Musical Miracle," in *Harper's Weekly*, Jan. 6, 1872.)

"A USEFUL HOLIDAY GIFT."
PRINCE'S IMPROVED FOUNTAIN PEN,


CAP
THE HANDLE CONTAINS THE INK

As now improved, the most perfect pen manufactured. Writes ten hours with one filling. Saves one-third the time. Testimonials received from Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Rev. Thos. S. Hastings, D.D., N. Y., Rev. Francis Vinton, D.D., N. Y., and many others. Single Pens can be sent by mail in a registered letter. Send for circular. Manufactured only by JOHN S. PURDY, 212 Broadway, New York.

PRICE $290
U. S.

You ask WHY we can sell First Class 7 Octave Pianos for **$290?** We answer—It costs less than $300 to make any $600 Piano sold through Agents, all of whom make 100 per ct. profit. We have no Agents, but ship direct to families at Factory price, and warrant Five Years. Send for illustrated circular, in which we refer to 300 Bankers, Merchants, &c. (some of whom you may know) using our Pianos in 40 States and Territories.
U. S. Piano Co., 865 Broadway, New York.

20 PIECES OF MUSIC
For ONE DOLLAR.

Why buy high-priced Music when you can select from our Catalogue of over 600 pieces? Any 20 pieces of Sheet Music, printed on splendid paper, arranged for the Piano, will be mailed on receipt of $1 00. Catalogues free. Address BENJ. W. HITCHCOCK, Publisher, 29 Beekman St., N. Y.

MAGIC LANTERNS, Dissolving-View Apparatus, Stereopticons, for Public Exhibitions and Parlor Entertainments, from $5 to $500. Priced Catalogue, with list of several thousand elegantly colored views, illustrating Art, Science, Religion, Travels, &c., sent free to any address. McALLISTER, Optician, 49 Nassau St., N. Y.

RANDAL H. FOOTE.
Gold, Stock, and Bonds Bought and Sold on Commission.
57 EXCHANGE PLACE, NEW YORK.
Member of the Gold Board and N. Y. Stock Exchange.
☞ *SEND FOR CIRCULAR* ☜
SHOWING HOW TO SPECULATE SUCCESSFULLY.

SHADOW PORTRAITS,
LIFE SIZE.
A new and amusing winter's evening entertainment for old and young. A child can take the portraits. The Album, size 14 x 20, with material for Thirty Portraits, and full directions, will be sent, postage free, on receipt of $2 00. Address
ENDICOTT & CO.,
57 Beekman St., New York.

CUNDURANGO.—AMERICAN & CO.'S Combination cures Cancer, Scrofula, Ulcers, and Syphilis, and eradicates all blood diseases. Price $1 50 per bottle. Druggists keep it. Sold by JOHN F. HENRY, *8 College Place, N. Y.*; REDINGTON, HOSTELLER, & CO., *San Francisco, Cal.*; and AMERICAN & CO., *Sole Proprietors, Lawrence, Kansas.*

CRISTADORO'S
THE BEST
HAIR DYE.
DEPOT, 6 Astor House; FACTORY, 68 Maiden Lane.

The **BEST** and

CHEAPEST

Good Reading

for

Yourself

and

Your Family;

Interesting,

Instructive,

Trustworthy;

For City,
Village,
For Country;
Farm,
Garden,
Household.

For **Children**; *for* **Youth**; *for* **Fathers**; *for* **Mothers**; *for* **House-keepers**; *for* **Gardeners**; *for* **Farmers**; *for* **Fruit Growers**; *for* **Stock Raisers**; *for* **Bee-Keepers**; *for* **Mechanics**; *for* **Merchants**; *for* **Professional Men**; *for* **any one** *in City, Village, or Country. The*

American Agriculturist

(Established in 1842.)

read and highly approved by the largest circle of subscribers to any similar Journal in the world; and everywhere recognized as the **Standard Authority** in America for Agricultural and Horticultural information. For 1872, the

Thirty-First Annual Volume

(beginning now) will give over **$12,000 worth of Fine Engravings, and over 1000 Large Columns** of the **Choicest Reading,** prepared by many *practical, intelligent* Men and Women, *who know what they write about,* from much experience and observation.

The Instruction and Information

are so **Plain,** so **Practical,** and so **Varied,** that it is impossible for any man, woman, or child, to read a volume without getting many hints that will **each** be worth and **pay** back more than a whole year's cost.

CHEAP.—*The immense circulation so divides the expense that the paper is furnished at about the cost of the printing paper.*—**Try** it a **Year.—It will Pay Well.**

TERMS: $1.50 a year; *four* subscribers $5 a year; *ten* subscribers for $12; twenty or more subscribers, only $1 each.

N. B.—*American Agriculturist* and *Hearth and Home* sent for $4 a year.

Begin Now with Volume **31.**

ORANGE JUDD & CO.,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS,
245 BROADWAY, N. Y.

CURLS!—Curlique will curl straight hair in soft, luxuriant curls the first application (without injury), and will remain in curl 5 days. Sent by mail for 25 cts. a bottle, or three bottles for 50 cts.

Address J. M. NORTH & CO.,
Parkman, Ohio.

$375 A MONTH—Horse and outfit furnished. Address NOVELTY CO., Saco, Me.

Only $4

for

$35,000 Worth

of choice

Engravings,

and over

4,000 Columns

of the

Best Reading

(as much as is contained in **over 100 Dollar Books**) supplied in the *American Agriculturist* and *Hearth and Home* during a single year, and both are sent to one address for $4.

ORANGE JUDD & CO.,
245 Broadway, New York.

Musical Boxes

ALL SIZES,
STYLES,
AND PRICES.

M. J. PAILLARD & CO.,
680 Broadway, N. Y.

Figures will not lie!

How Large Fortunes are made!

☞ **FACTS FOR THE PEOPLE.** ☜

☞ SEE the prices at which four of the leading Sewing Machines are sold in the UNITED STATES, and ENGLAND.

	Price in England.	In the U. S.
Wheeler & Wilson	$45.00	$85.00
New Singer	32.50	65.00
Elias Howe	35.00	65.00
Wilson Shuttle	40.00	45.00

The above Prices are for exactly the same classes of machines as sold in both Countries. There is scarcely any difference in the cost of material and labor in any of the above named machines.

☞ **AFFIDAVIT.—W. G. Wilson, President** of the **Wilson Sewing Machine Co.**, personally appeared before me, and made oath that the above prices are correct, and taken by him from Circulars published in the **United States** and **England** under the corporate names of the Companies manufacturing said machines.

FRED. SMITH,
Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas of Cuyahoga Co., O.

The WILSON SEWING MACHINES are for Sale in most every County in the United States, and
No. 707 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Jos. Gillott

STEEL PENS.

American Branch of House,
91 JOHN ST., New York.
JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS.
HENRY OWEN, Sole Agent.

FOWLE'S PILE AND HUMOR CURE

THE GREATEST AND ONLY MEDICINE IN THE WORLD *that is warranted a perfect cure* (or money returned) *for all kinds of* PILES, LEPROSY, SCROFULA, CANCER, SALT-RHEUM, DYSPEPSIA, CATARRH, NEURALGIA, and all diseases of the SKIN AND BLOOD. *Entirely Vegetable.* No failure for 13 years. $1 a bottle. Sold every where. H. D. FOWLE, Chemist, Boston. JOHN F. HENRY, Agent, New York.

KEEN, BRIGHT, & SHARP.

THE TOLEDO BLADE (Nasby's Paper), is independent in every thing, neutral in nothing. Contains the clearest, ablest discussions of all questions, ☞ **Political, Social, and Moral.** The best stories and the best reading for the family circle. Largest circulation west of New York City. Only $2 a year. Clubs of ten, $1 50 each. Three months for 50 cents. Specimen copies sent free and postage paid. Address

MILLER, LOCKE, & CO., Toledo, Ohio.

DRUNKENNESS AND OPIUM EATING. Dr. BEERS, 107 Fourth Avenue, New York, has Permanent and Painless Cures for both these evil. Thousands cured. Send stamp for conclusive evidence.

BENT, GOODNOW, & CO., Boston, Mass., Publish "THE PATENT STAR," sell Patents, and give profitable agencies to canvassers.

BLEES
NOISELESS,
LOCK-STITCH
SEWING MACHINE

Challenges the world in perfection of work, strength and beauty of stitch, durability of construction, and rapidity of motion. Call and examine. Send for circular. Agents wanted.

MANUFACTURED BY
BLEES
Sewing Machine Co.,
623 Broadway, N. Y.

Health, Economy, Good Living.

Just published, a revised edition of Mrs. CORNELIUS' COOK BOOK AND YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER'S FRIEND. Enlarged in all its departments, and very handsomely bound; price $1 50. *Interleaved* (a leaf of blank paper for additional receipts between every two leaves of the book), $2 25. *A Complete Household Guide,* and the standard book for all culinary and household duties. *The interleaved edition is especially commended to the attention of young housekeepers,* to whom no more acceptable present could be made. For sale by all booksellers. Sent by mail on receipt of price.

THOMPSON, BIGELOW, & BROWN, Publishers, Boston.

POPERY.

THE FOE OF THE CHURCH AND REPUBLIC.

What it has done. What it is doing and what it means to do. Its power. Its despotism. Its infallibility. Its frauds. Its relicts. Its miracles. Its Idolatry. Its persecutions. Its hatred of our public schools and of civil and religious liberty. Its startling crimes. Its horrid wickedness, and **ITS NEW YORK RIOTS.**

A book that is wanted every where. We want agents to introduce it in every county at once, and will pay them liberally. Send for circular. Address PEOPLE'S PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa., Cincinnati, O., St. Louis, Mo., or Springfield, Mass.

$1 50.—THE NURSERY, A MONTHLY MAGAZINE for YOUNGEST READERS. Superbly Illustrated. ☞ Send stamp for a sample number. *Subscribe NOW and get the last two Numbers of this year FREE.*

JOHN L. SHOREY,
36 Bromfield Street, Boston.

LAST CALL.—Would you secure the Great Family Paper, the "Star-Spangled Banner," for 1872? Already the January number is nearly exhausted. Subscribe now, and receive it till 1873. Remember, only 75 cents secures paper and Prang's superb chromo, "BOUQUET OF MOSS ROSES." Don't forget, our offer is, "*Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.*" Try it for 1872. Single number, 6 cents of any newsman, or sent by mail. Send 75 cents and take it till 1873. Address

STAR-SPANGLED BANNER, Hinsdale, N. H.

CURLS!—One Package of Prof. LEOS' MAGIC COMPOUND will instantly Curl the straightest hair of either sex (without injury) into wavy ringlets or heavy, massive Curls in every case, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per package, postpaid, or 3 for 50 cents. Address

E. HOLBROOK, Uxbridge, Mass.

1000 CASES OF FITS CURED.

DR. S. CLAY TODD,

Of La Grange, Ind. (P. O. Box 90), has permanently cured over one thousand cases of Epileptic Fits, not having failed in a single case in the past six years. Medicines sent to all parts of the United States.

NOTICE.—Dr. Lindsay's Blood Searcher cures Erysipelas, Scrofula, Blotches, Pimples, Debility, &c. It beautifies the complexion by purifying the blood. Sold by all druggists. Prepared only by R. E. SELLERS & CO., Wholesale Druggists, Pittsburgh, Pa. Price, One Dollar per bottle.

ASTHMA FARNHAM'S Permanent Cure for the ASTHMA.

Relief **guaranteed in five minutes,** by inhalation. Has highest testimonials from the medical profession. Price $2 per box. Sent by mail, postage prepaid, on receipt of price.

WM. H. FARNHAM & CO., 210 Broadway, N. Y.
☞ Sold by all Druggists. P. O. Box 2842.

OPIUM EATERS.—IF YOU WISH to be cured of the habit, address T. E. CLARKE, M.D., Mount Vernon, Ohio.

DON'T BUY

Until you have seen our new bed and platen printing-press, styled **The Young America,** warranted the best cheap printing-press in the world for the amateur and the general job printer. Address, for circular,

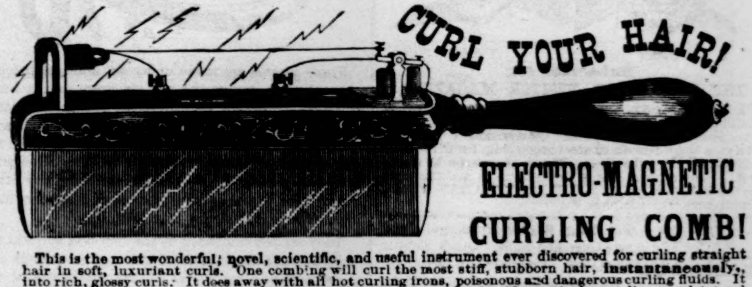
ADAMS PRESS CO., 53 Murray St., N. Y.,
and 8 Province St., Boston.

SHORT HAND. **150** words per minute in **4 Weeks.** Send stamp for Circular. PROF. GRAY, P. O. Box 4847, N. Y.

PENSIONS.—DR. SALTER, late *Medical Referee of the Pension Office,* prosecutes Pension Claims. **613** Louisiana Avenue, Washington, D. C.

MICROSCOPES for Scientific Investigations or the Entertainment of the Family Circle. Illustrated Price-List sent free to any address. McALLISTER, Optician, 49 Nassau St., N. Y.

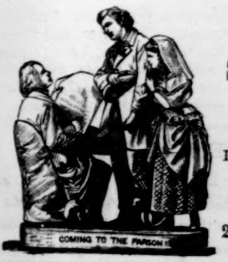
CURL YOUR HAIR!



ELECTRO-MAGNETIC CURLING COMB!

This is the most wonderful, novel, scientific, and useful instrument ever discovered for curling straight hair in soft, luxuriant curls. One combing will curl the most stiff, stubborn hair, **instantaneously,** into rich, glossy curls. It does away with all hot curling irons, poisonous and dangerous curling fluids. It is perfectly **reliable,** never can fail, being the only sure and scientific method ever discovered to curl straight hair without the **least possible injury.** Only one combing required to curl the most stub elec-
hair into soft, luxuriant curls. To Actresses and others wishing to curl their hair in the short nair contains
time, this article is **invaluable,** as it does not require more than three minutes' time plication of the ELEC-
most harsh, stiff, stubborn hair, into soft, massive tresses. The ELECTRO-MAGNETI en into the comb, leaving the
that it forms a perfect electro-magnet, and causes straight hair to curl by tak **two to five days.**
tricity with which all straight hair is overcharged. It is well know from construction and use; will last a lifetime, and
only about one-tenth the amount of electricity found in **all** str will be sent, free of postage, to any part of the United
TRO-MAGNETIC CURLING COMB the electricity is **instan** -five Cents. Address
hair in perfectly beautiful natural curls, which wi
The ELECTRO-MAGNETIC CURLING COMB
never fails to produce the above beaut
States or Canada for One Dolla

ELECTRO-MAGNETIC CURLING COMB CO., Garrettsville, Ohio.



COMING TO THE PARSON

ROGERS'
Groups of
STATUARY,
FROM
$10 to $25.
Send for
Illustrated Catalogue
and Price-List
to
JOHN ROGERS,
212 FIFTH AVE.,
NEW YORK.

GLYCERINE CAKE.

RAWOLLE'S TOILET GLYCERINE CAKE is unequaled for Washing, Shaving, Shampooing, Tooth Soap, and Baby Wash; produces a clear, soft, white skin, and prevents pimples and chapping. Warranted over one-half pure Glycerine. For sale by druggists. MARX & RAWOLLE, Manufacturers of Glycerine, 179 William St., New York.

A Great Offer.—HORACE WATERS, 481 Broadway, N. Y., will dispose of One Hundred PIANOS, MELODEONS, and ORGANS, of six first-class makers, including Waters', AT EXTREMELY LOW PRICES, FOR CASH, DURING THIS MONTH, or will take a portion cash and balance in monthly or quarterly installments.

Combination STENCIL ALPHABET and Figures.

It is one of the most useful inventions of the age for Merchants and Business Men. It is an exceedingly rapid method of marking boxes for shipment, show-cards, price-lists, &c.

Patented Aug. 11, '68. Send for a Circular.

NEW YORK STENCIL WORKS, 87 Nassau St., N. Y.

JAPANESE PAPER WARE.

Economy the order of the day. Household articles made from paper, durable and cheap. Pails, Milk-Pans, Wash-Bowls, Fruit-Dishes, &c. Send for Price and Descriptive Lists. JENNINGS BROTHERS, Manufacturers, 352 Pearl St., N. Y. City.

LOOK! One package of Prof. Hill's Magic Compound will force the beard to grow thick and heavy on the smoothest face (without injury) in 21 days, in every case, or money refunded; 25 cents a package, postpaid; three for 50 cents. Address

H. BYRON & CO., Parkman, Ohio.

RIFLES, Shot-Guns, Revolvers, Gun Material. Write for Price-List, to GREAT WESTERN GUN WORKS, Pittsburgh, Pa. Army Guns, Revolvers, &c., bought or traded for. *Agents wanted.*

AGENTS WANTED FOR

LIFE IN UTAH

BEING an EXPOSE of the SECRET RITES and MYSTERIES OF MORMONISM.

With a full and authentic History of **Polygamy,** by J. H. BEADLE, Editor of the *Salt Lake Reporter.*

Agents are meeting with unprecedented success: one reports 186 subscribers in four days; another 71 in two days. Send for Circulars and see what the press says of the work. NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Phila., Pa.

$150 a Month! Employment! Extra Inducements!

A premium HORSE and WAGON for Agents. We desire to employ agents for a term of seven years, to sell the Buckeye $20 00 Shuttle Sewing Machines. It makes a stitch alike on both sides, and is the best low-priced licensed machine in the world. W. A. HENDERSON & CO., Cleveland, Ohio, or St. Louis, Mo.

RARE CHANCE FOR AGENTS!

Agents, we will pay you $40 per week in cash, if you will engage with us AT ONCE. Every thing furnished and expenses paid. Address

F. A. ELLS & CO., Charlotte, Mich.

AGENTS Wanted.—Agents make more money at work for us than at anything else. Particulars free. G. STINSON & CO., *Fine Art Publishers,* Portland, Maine.

$30 PER WEEK.—Agents wanted in every town. Address C. W. DENNIS, Rochester, N. Y.

$50 A Week to Agents, male or female. Business honorable. L. L. GARSIDE, Paterson, N. J.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

TERMS for 1872.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, One Year......$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY, One Year...... 4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR, One Year...... 4 00

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, and HARPER'S BAZAR, for one year, $10 00; or any two for $7 00.

An Extra Copy of either the MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, *or* BAZAR *will be supplied gratis for every Club of* FIVE SUBSCRIBERS *at $4 00 each, in one remittance; or, Six Copies for $20 00, without extra copy.*

The Postage within the United States is for the MAGAZINE 24 cents a year, for the WEEKLY or BAZAR 20 cents a year, payable yearly, semi-yearly, or quarterly, at the office where received. Subscriptions from the Dominion of Canada must be accompanied with 24 cents additional for the MAGAZINE, or 20 cents for the WEEKLY or BAZAR, to prepay the U. S. postage.

The Volumes of the MAGAZINE commence with the Numbers for June and December of each year. Subscriptions may commence with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to begin with the first Number of the current Volume, and back Numbers will be sent accordingly.

The Volumes of the WEEKLY and BAZAR commence with the year. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to com prefer-
with the Number next after the receipt Order or Draft
When the subscriber's address newed without loss to
both the old and new one
In remitting by m
payable to the
able to

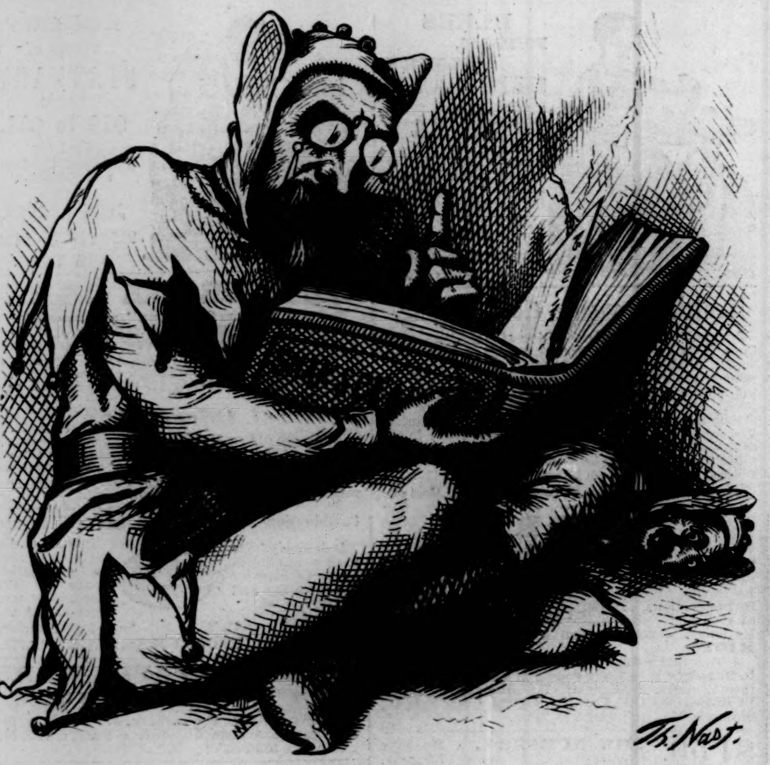
TERMS FOR ADVERTISING IN HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Harper's Magazine.—Whole Page, $500; Half Page, $250; Quarter Page, $150—each insertion.

Harper's Weekly.—Inside Pages, $1 50 per Line; Outside Page, $2 50 per Line—each insertion.

Harper's Bazar.—$1 00 per Line; Cuts and Display, $1 25 per Line—each insertion.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.



TOUCHSTONE.

TAMMANY (O. K.) HALL JESTER (*Reads*). "'Where Ignorance is Bliss, 'tis Folly to be Wise.' *I am in Blissful Ignorance of Every Thing that has happened since I have been Mayor of New York.*"

C. G. GUNTHER'S SONS

Offer a Splendid Assortment of

SEAL SACQUES,

At much Lower Prices than Last Season;

Astrakhan Sacques,

AT VERY LOW FIGURES;

Seal-Skin Fur,

In Every Style and Pattern for Ladies' Wear, including

NOVELTIES

Of Choice Selections, our own make and imported.

A RICH ASSORTMENT OF

Russian & Hudson's Bay Sables,

BLACK AND SILVER FOXES.

502 & 504 BROADWAY, N. Y.

"GUANACO"

UMBRELLAS

TRY ONE.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

MAGIC LANTERNS

AND

STEREOPTICONS.

An unrivaled selection of SLIDES on all subjects. Priced and Illustrated Catalogues sent to any address on receipt of 10 cents. JAMES W. QUEEN & CO.,

535 Broadway, New York.

924 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

WEBER

PIANO-FORTES.

Endorsed by the leading Artists, Seminarians, and the Press, as the

BEST PIANOS MADE.

Prices as reasonable and terms as easy as consistent with thorough workmanship.

WAREROOMS,

Fifth Avenue, cor. 16th St., N. Y

THE UNIVERSAL *Twine and Thread Cutter* is a neat little device, which may be attached to the coat, vest, lady's dress, or work-box. Saves time, twine, thread, fingers, and teeth. Samples mailed on receipt of 25c. If not satisfactory, money returned.

T. B. DOOLITTLE & CO., Office 599 Broadway, N. Y.

Manufactory, Bridgeport, Conn.

J. J. WILSON'S PATENT

STORE W STOOLS

Send for Circular. 89 WHITE ST., N. Y.

Clifton House,

CHICAGO, ILL.

This popular and well-known Hôtel has been re-opened on the corner of

WASHINGTON & HALSTED STS.,

By **Col. W. A. JENKINS.**

London Daily Times at this House.

WOODWARD'S NATIONAL **ARCHITECT.**

1000 Working Drawings, $12, postpaid.

GEO. E. WOODWARD,

Publisher, 191 Broadway, N. Y.

Send for Catalogue of all books on Architecture, Agriculture, Field Sports, and the Horse.

CHICAGO and its DESTRUCTION.

A full and complete history of Chicago, her past, present, and future. With graphic scenes, incidents, and full details of the disaster, by George P. Upton and James W. Sheahan, editors of the Chicago Tribune. With over **400 pages** and **50 Illustrations.** It is now ready for delivery.

AGENTS WANTED.—Send $1 00 for outfit and choice of territory. Address UNION PUBLISHING CO., Chicago, Illinois, or Philadelphia, Pa.

IF YOU INTEND TO BUILD.

Send for 18 Modern Designs for Suburban and Country Houses. $5. A. J. BICKNELL & Co., 27 Warren St., N. Y.

NOTICE.—Buyers of Goods under the names of *Wamsutta Prints, Checks, Lindseys, Cambrics, Ticks*, and *Silesias*, are hereby informed that all such goods are not manufactured at the Wamsutta Mills. We limit our Name and the Wamsutta Ticket to our **Bleached Shirtings and Sheetings.** We have, in addition to our former Trade-Mark, adopted the following, which will in all cases appear with this notice.

NEW BEDFORD, MASS.,
June 1st, 1867.

Thos. I. Bennett Jr. Agent
Wamsutta Mills.

OFFICE OF WAMSUTTA MILLS, NEW BEDFORD, *September 1st*, 1871.

It has been the constant endeavor of our Company for more than twenty years to improve the quality of the goods of our manufacture; so that our fabrics are fully equal to any in the market. We have just completed a New Mill, supplied with machinery of the most approved kinds, and have also added to the machinery in the mills previously built all the latest improvements; so that we are now making our goods finer, heavier, and handsomer than ever before.

The goods are of the full width represented, and not on a basis of 35 inches for a yard.

All the Standard Goods bear our Ticket and the above Trade-Mark, and may be relied on for quality and quantity, and as of our manufacture.

The Agents for the sale of our goods to Jobbers and Wholesale Dealers are

ALMY & COMPANY, New York, 65 Leonard Street, cor. Church.
" " Boston, 38 Franklin Street.
CADBURY, THOMAS, & CO., Philadelphia, 221 Chestnut Street.
CHASE, STEWART, & CO., Baltimore, 27 German Street.

JOSEPH GRINNELL, *President.*
ANDREW G. PIERCE, *Treasurer.*
THOS. BENNETT, JR., *Agent.*

RAILROAD BONDS Whether you wish to buy or sell, write to No. 7 Wall St., N. Y. CHARLES W. **HASSLER**

THE (ORIGINAL)

Continental Life Insurance Co.,

Of HARTFORD, CONN.

INCORPORATED, MAY, 1862.

SAM'L E. ELMORE, *President.* JOHN S. RICE, *Vice-President.*
FRANCIS D. DOUGLASS, *Secretary.* H. R. MORLEY, *Actuary.*

The CONTINENTAL especially commends itself, by its past experience and present management, to those who desire to place their insurance in a conservative company, conducted on the principle of furnishing *reliable and absolute insurance* at as *reasonable cost* as is consistent with *perfect security.*

☞ A few first-class Agents wanted for unoccupied fields.

N.

Robes de Chambre

AND

House Coats,

FOR

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

Large assortment, superior style, very low prices.

E. A. NEWELL,

727 Broadway, cor. Waverley Place.

SHIRTS.

J. W. Johnston,

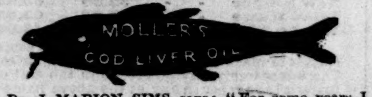
260 GRAND STREET, New York.

Also, Hosiery and Men's Furnishing Goods. Six superior Dress Shirts made to measure, of Wamsutta XX muslin, for $15 and upward, according to the linen.

☞ Six fine Dress Shirts of Masonville Muslin for $12.
☞ Six good " " Harris " " $9.

To gentlemen residing outside of New York a good fit will be guaranteed by sending the following measurements in inches: Size of Collar worn; measure from centre of Shoulder along arm to Knuckle of small finger; around Chest, Waist, and Wrist. State number of Plaits; if for Studs, Spirals, or Buttons; style of Cuff.

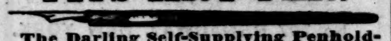
☞ The Trade supplied with Dress Shirts to Order.



DR. J. MARION SIMS says: "For some years I had given up the use of Cod-Liver Oil altogether; but since my attention was called by Dr. Sayre to MÖLLER'S Oil I have prescribed it almost daily, and have every reason to be perfectly satisfied with it."

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

"FITS ANY PEN."



The Darling Self-Supplying Penholder writes 2000 words with one dip of the pen. Samples by mail, 50 cents each; Nickel, $1 00; Rubber, $2 00; **Gold Bank Holder, $2 50.** For sale by Stationers generally. Address W. A. COOKE, 6 State St., N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED To sell our Sliding-Guage Button-Hole Cutter. Cuts to any size desired. Will sell every where at sight. 200 per cent. profit; samples prepaid, 25c. *Crescent B. H. C. Co., 723 Jayne St., Philadelphia, Pa.*

ANY COAL-OIL LAMP made perfectly safe by the Reliance Non-Explosive Attachment. 30c. by mail. Circulars free. Dealers supplied at Wholesale. *C. B. Mann & Co.*, Patentees, 213 Hoffman St., Baltimore, Md.

NEXT OF KIN.

24,717 ADVERTISEMENTS (Gun's Index to) for NEXT OF KIN, CHANCERY HEIRS, and LEGATEES, since 1600. Price 60 cents. GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., 41 Park Row, N. Y.

INSURE AGAINST ACCIDENTS IN THE

TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY

OF HARTFORD.

CASH ASSETS, $1,750,000.

Public Health Promoted! Agriculture Benefited!!

GOUX'S

PATENT ABSORBENT CLOSET AND URINAL.

THE PATENT "SANITARY" CLOSET.

By the use of this Patented Closet the objections raised against dry closets in general are entirely obviated and done away with. They not only screen from sight the contents of the tub placed under the seat, but they actually absorb and completely deodorize all the gases which, under the best conditions, still escape from other dry closets. For further particulars, apply to or address A. L. OSBORN & CO., 424 West Canal St., New York.

Ladies having birds use the Excelsior Water and Vermin Proof

CAGE MAT,

Great convenience in keeping the Cage clean. Recommended by thousands that are using them. Sent to any address (prepaid), 2 Pkgs. (12 Mats each) 50c., 5 Pkgs. $1. Last 5 months. Send for circular. Agents wanted every where. SCHENCK & CO., 90 Ann St., N. Y. Send inside measurement of Cage.

CHICKERING & SONS'

PIANO-FORTES.

THE BEST PIANOS AT THE LOWEST PRICES,

And Upon the Most Favorable Terms of Payment.

We invite the attention of persons intending to purchase Pianos to our New Illustrated Catalogue, giving full descriptions of Styles and Prices, and the terms on which we sell to those desiring to make

EASY MONTHLY PAYMENTS.

SEND FOR A CATALOGUE.

CHICKERING & SONS,

11 EAST 14th STREET, N. Y.

WINDOW VENTILATOR

Unprecedented! The Demand for

CHICAGO and the GREAT CONFLAGRATION.

A concise history of the PAST of this most wonderful of cities, and a detailed, circumstantial, and vivid account of its destruction by fire; with scenes, incidents, &c. By Colbert & Chamberlin, associate editors Chicago Tribune. Illustrated by Chapin and Gulic.

Orders already received for over 1500 AGENTS' OUTFITS, and Agents at work are meeting with most extraordinary success. One reports an average of 50 subscribers per day; another 62 in two days; another 28 in part of one afternoon; another 48 in two days; another, a lady, 40 in one day. One in Cincinnati, 51 in two days. One Agent in Chicago has 260 subscribers already, and another 235.

1000 MORE AGENTS can find very remunerative employment for the next few months in selling this intensely interesting work. Inclose at once FIFTY CENTS FOR OUTFIT, and name the Territory desired. C. F. VENT, Publisher, 58 Murray St., N. Y., and Cincinnati, O.; J. S. GOODMAN, Chicago; HUBBARD BROS., Philadelphia; ED. F. HOVEY, 15 Montgomery Place, Boston.

If your hair is falling out, or growing thin, use one bottle

DR. KENNEDY'S HAIR TEA,

a purely vegetable Hair Dressing. Sold every where.

CLEVELAND HERALD, Largest Circulation, Best Advertising Medium in Northern Ohio. Send for Sample Copies and Rates. Daily, $10; Tri-Weekly, $5; Weekly, $1 25.

FISHERMEN!

TWINES and NETTING,

MANUFACTURED BY

WM. E. HOOPER & SONS,

☞ Send for Price-List.] **Baltimore, Md.**

TABLEAU FIRE, all colors, and MAGNESIUM WIRE for Tableaux.
DETWILLER, STREET, & CO., 9 Dey St., N. Y.

$290 For first-class Pianos—Sent on trial—No Agt's. Address U. S. PIANO CO., 865 B'dway, N. Y.

THE ANSWERING CLOCK.

A NEW-YEAR'S SONG.

The clock on the shelf drops musical flowers,
  Marking in measure the tuneful time,
While my love and I live magical hours,
  For it answers my heart in rhyme,
As in quaintest fashion it seems to say,
"The old, the old, is passing away."

I know not, indeed, if my love come here
  For love of me, or from guess of his
That without him life is not half so dear
  In places that know how sweet he is;
But the clock on the shelf is quick to say,
"Old doubt, old doubt, is passing away."

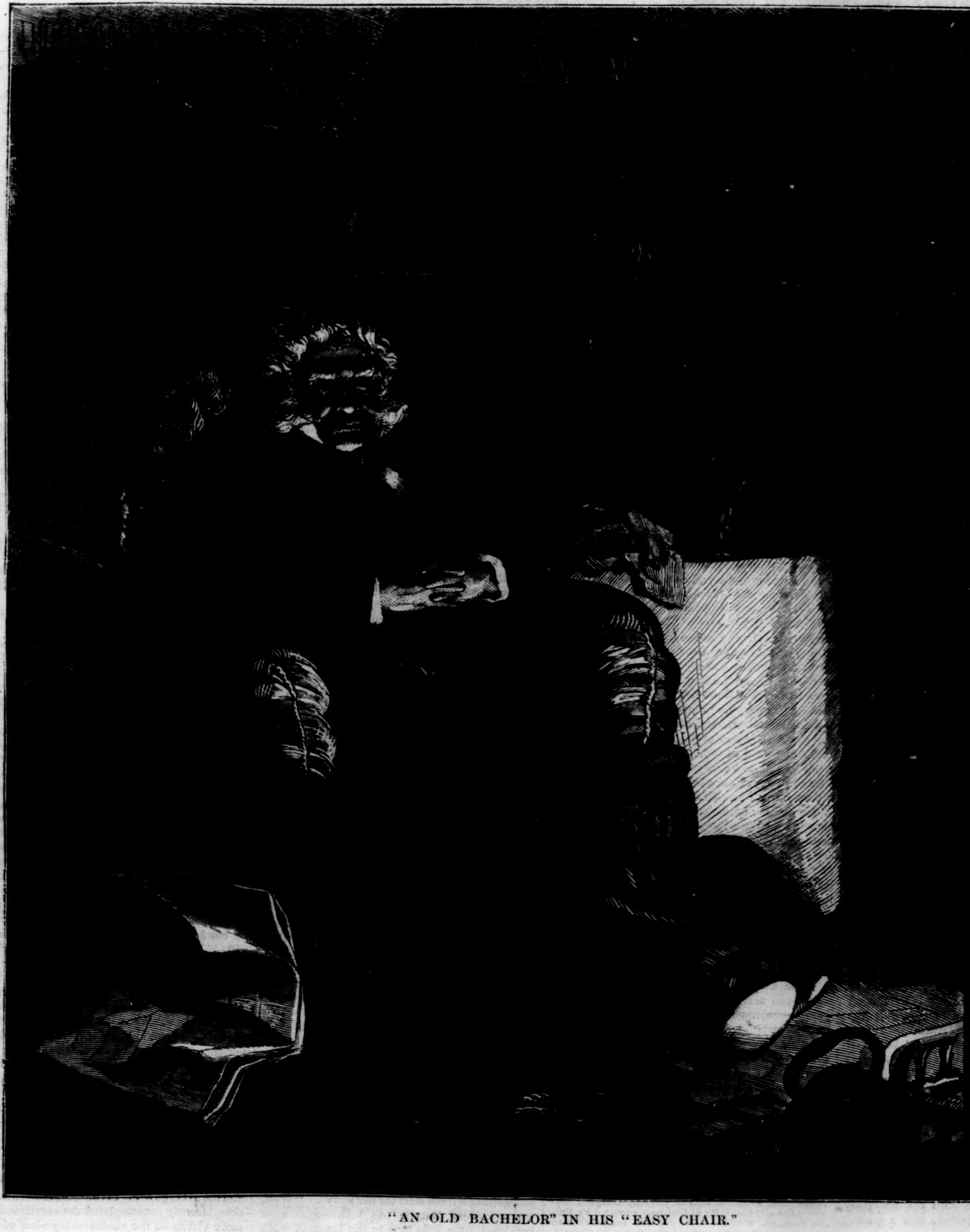
Or why with the restful hours does he come,
  Making and singing divinest songs,
If his weary heart has not found a home,
  And his love a name which to me belongs?
Do you flatter me, clock, when I hear you say,
"Old grief, old grief, is passing away?"

Last night he staid long for the season's sake,
  Till the Old Year vanished and entered the New;
"For the Old and the New your hand I take,"
  Were his simple words, but they thrilled me through;
And the clock will echo them day by day,
As it tells how the Old Year passed away.

'Twere much, oh much, to be loved by him;
  Yet only *to love* is good, I think;
For the greater than good I will not dream,
  But happiness unto him will drink
In the cup which the New Year brings to-day,
For the New Year too is passing away;

And the years are too precious to waste in dreams;
  And love is not love that can selfish grow;
To scatter, not keep, the golden gleams
  Is the blessed way of the stars, we know!
Do you hear how the clock, with the stars, is gay
Over self's low sin as it passes away?

So, whether my love love me or no,
  I'll love him still for the dear love's sake—
I'll love him through weal and better through woe,
  And never the thread of the chain shall break,
Though the clock on the shelf forget to say,
How love's true loving chimes on for aye!



"AN OLD BACHELOR" IN HIS "EASY CHAIR."

[Continued from Last Week's Paper.]

MISS OR MRS.?

A Christmas Story, in Twelve Scenes.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

PERSONS OF THE STORY.

Sir Joseph Graybrooke	(Knight)
Richard Turlington	(Of the Levant Trade)
Launcelot Linzie	(Of the College of Surgeons)
James Dicas	(Of the Roll of Attorneys)
Thomas Wildfang	(Superannuated Seaman)
Miss Graybrooke	(Sir Joseph's Sister)
Natalie	(Sir Joseph's Daughter)
Lady Winwood	(Sir Joseph's Niece)
Amelia Sophia Dorothea	(Lady Winwood's Step-daughters)

Period: The Present Time. Place: England.

THIRD SCENE.

THE MONEY MARKET.

Let us be serious.—Business.

The new scene plunges us head-foremost into the affairs of the Levant trading house of Pizzituti, Turlington, & Branca. What on earth do we know about the Levant Trade? Courage! If we have ever known what it is to want money, we are perfectly familiar with the subject at starting. The Levant Trade does occasionally get into difficulties.—Turlington wanted money.

The letter which had been handed to him on board the yacht was from the third partner, Mr. Branca, and was thus expressed:

"A crisis in the trade. All right, so far—except our business with the small foreign firms. Bills to meet from those quarters (say), forty thousand pounds—and, I fear, no remittances to cover them. Particulars stated in another letter, addressed to you at post-office, Ilfracombe. I am quite broken down with anxiety, and confined to my bed. Pizzituti is still detained at Smyrna. Come back at once."

The same evening Turlington was at his office in Austin Friars, investigating the state of affairs, with his head clerk to help him.

Stated briefly, the business of the firm was of the widely miscellaneous sort. They plied a brisk trade in a vast variety of commodities. Nothing came amiss to them, from Manchester cotton manufactures to Smyrna figs. They had branch houses at Alexandria and Odessa; and correspondents, here, there, and every where, along the shores of the Mediterranean and in the ports of the East. These correspondents were the persons alluded to in Mr. Branca's letter as "small foreign firms;" and they had produced the serious financial crisis in the affairs of the great house in Austin Friars, which had hurried Turlington up to London.

Every one of these minor firms claimed, and received, the privilege of drawing bills on Pizzituti, Turlington, & Branca, for amounts varying from four to six thousand pounds—on no better security than a verbal understanding that the money to pay the bills should be forwarded before they fell due. Competition, it is needless to say, was at the bottom of this insanely reckless system of trading. The native firms laid it down as a rule, that they would decline to transact business with any house in the trade which refused to grant them this privilege. In the case of Turlington's house, the foreign merchants had drawn their bills on him for sums large in the aggregate, if not large in themselves; had long since turned those bills into cash in their own markets, for their own necessities; and had now left the money which their paper represented to be paid by their London correspondents as it fell due. In some instances they had sent nothing but promises and excuses. In others they had forwarded drafts on firms which had failed already, or which were about to fail, in the crisis. After first exhausting his resources in ready money, Mr. Branca had provided for the more pressing necessities by pledging the credit of the house, so far as he *could* pledge it without exciting suspicion of the truth. This done, there were actually left, between that time and Christmas, liabilities to be met to the extent of forty thousand pounds, without a farthing in hand to pay that formidable debt.

After working through the night, this was the conclusion at which Richard Turlington arrived, when the rising sun looked in at him through the windows of his private room.

The whole force of the blow had fallen on *him*. The share of his partners in the business was of the most trifling nature. The capital was his; the risk was his. Personally and privately, *he* had to find the money, or to confront the one other alternative—ruin.

How was the money to be found?

With his position in the City, he had only to go to the famous money-lending and discounting house of Bulpit Brothers—reported to "turn over" millions in their business every year—and to supply himself at once with the necessary funds. Forty thousand pounds was a trifling transaction to Bulpit Brothers.

Having got the money, how, in the present state of his trade, was the loan to be paid back?

His thoughts reverted to his marriage with Natalie.

"Curious!" he said to himself, recalling his conversation with Sir Joseph on board the yacht. "Graybrooke told me he would give his daughter half his fortune on her marriage. Half Graybrooke's fortune happens to be just forty thousand pounds!" He took a turn in the room. No! It was impossible to apply to Sir Joseph. Once shake Sir Joseph's conviction of his commercial solidity, and the marriage would be certainly deferred, if not absolutely broken off. Sir Joseph's fortune could be made available, in the present emergency, in but one way—he might use it to repay his debt. He had only to make the date at which the loan expired coincide with the date of his marriage, and there was his father-in-law's money at his disposal, or at his wife's disposal—which meant the same thing. "It's well I pressed Graybrooke about the marriage when I did!" he thought. "I can borrow the money at a short date. In three months from this Natalie will be my wife."

He drove to his club, to get breakfast, with his mind cleared, for the time being, of all its anxieties but one.

Knowing where he could procure the loan, he was by no means equally sure of being able to find the security on which he could borrow the money. Living up to his income; having no expectations from any living creature; possessing in landed property only some thirty or forty acres in Somersetshire, with a quaint little dwelling, half farm-house, half cottage, attached—he was incapable of providing the needful security from his own personal resources. To appeal to wealthy friends in the City would be to let those friends into the secret of his embarrassments, and to put his credit in peril. He finished his breakfast, and went back to Austin Friars—failing entirely, so far, to see how he was to remove the last obstacle now left in his way.

The doors were open to the public; business had begun. He had not been ten minutes in his room before the shipping clerk knocked at the door and interrupted him, still absorbed in his own anxious thoughts.

"What is it?" he asked, irritably.

"Duplicate bills of lading, Sir," answered the clerk, placing the documents on his master's table.

Found! There was the security on his writing-desk, staring him in the face! He dismissed the clerk and examined the papers.

They contained an account of goods shipped to the London house, on board vessels sailing from Smyrna and Odessa, and they were signed by the masters of the ships, who thereby acknowledged the receipt of the goods, and undertook to deliver them safely to the persons owning them, as directed. First copies of these papers had already been placed in the possession of the London house. The duplicates had now followed, in case of accident. Richard Turlington instantly determined to make the duplicates serve as his security, keeping the first copies privately under lock and key, to be used in obtaining possession of the goods at the customary time. The fraud was a fraud in appearance only. The security was a pure formality. His marriage would supply him with the funds needed for repaying the money, and the profits of his business would provide, in course of time, for restoring the dowry of his wife. It was simply a question of preserving his credit by means which were legitimately at his disposal. Within the lax limits of mercantile morality, Richard Turlington had a conscience. He put on his hat and took his false security to the money-lenders, without feeling at all lowered in his own estimation as an honest man.

Bulpit Brothers, long desirous of having such a name as his on their books, received him with open arms. The security (covering the amount borrowed) was accepted as a matter of course. The money was lent, for three months, with a stroke of the pen. Turlington stepped out again into the street, and confronted the City of London in the character of the noblest work of mercantile creation—a solvent man.*

The Fallen Angel, walking invisibly behind, in Richard's shadow, flapped his crippled wings in triumph. From that moment the Fallen Angel had got him.

FOURTH SCENE.

MUSWELL HILL.

The next day Turlington drove to the suburbs, on the chance of finding the Graybrookes at home again. Sir Joseph disliked London, and could not prevail on himself to live any nearer to the metropolis than Muswell Hill. When Natalie wanted a change, and languished for balls, theatres, flower-shows, and the like, she had a room especially reserved for her in the house of Sir Joseph's married sister, Mrs. Sancroft, living in that central deep of the fashionable whirlpool known among mortals as Berkeley Square.

On his way through the streets, Turlington encountered a plain proof that the Graybrookes must have returned. He was passed by Launce, driving, in company with a gentleman, in a cab. The gentleman was Launce's brother, and the two were on their way to the Commissioner of Police to make the necessary arrangements for instituting an inquiry into Turlington's early life.

Arrived at the gate of the villa, the information received only partially fulfilled the visitor's expectations. The family had returned on the previous evening. Sir Joseph and his sister were at home, but Natalie was away again already. She had driven into town to lunch with her aunt.

Turlington went into the house.

"Have you lost any money?" Those were the first words uttered by Sir Joseph when he and Richard met again, after the parting on board the yacht.

"Not a farthing. I might have lost seriously, if I had not got back in time to set things straight. Stupidity on the part of my people left in charge—nothing more. It's all right now."

Sir Joseph lifted his eyes, with heartfelt devotion, to the ceiling. "Thank God, Richard!" he said, in tones of the deepest feeling. He rang the bell. "Tell Miss Graybrooke Mr. Turlington is here." He turned again to Richard. "Lavinia is like me—Lavinia has been so anxious about you. We have both of us passed a sleepless night." Miss Lavinia came in. Sir Joseph hurried to meet her, and took her affectionately by both hands. "My dear! the best of all good news—Richard has not lost a farthing." Miss Lavinia lifted her eyes to the ceiling with heartfelt devotion, and said, "Thank God, Richard!"—like the echo of her brother's voice; a little late, perhaps, for its reputation as an echo, but accurate to half a note in its perfect repetition of sound.

Turlington asked the question which it had been his one object to put in paying his visit to Muswell Hill.

"Have you spoken to Natalie?"

"This morning," replied Sir Joseph. "An opportunity offered itself after breakfast. I took advantage of it, Richard—you shall hear how."

He settled himself in his chair for one of his interminable stories; he began his opening sentence—and stopped, struck dumb at the first word. There was an unexpected obstacle in the way—his sister was not attending to him; his sister had silenced him at starting. The story touching, this time, on the question of marriage, Miss Lavinia had her woman's interest in seeing full justice done to the subject. She seized on her brother's narrative as on property in her own right.

"Joseph should have told you," she began, addressing herself to Turlington, "that our dear girl was unusually depressed in spirits this morning. Quite in the right frame of mind for a little serious talk about her future life. She ate nothing at breakfast, poor child, but a morsel of dry toast."

"And marmalade," said Sir Joseph, striking in at the first opportunity. The story, on this occasion, being Miss Lavinia's story, the polite contradictions necessary to its successful progress were naturally transferred from the sister to the brother, and became contradictions on Sir Joseph's side.

"No," said Miss Lavinia, gently, "if you *will* have it, Joseph—jam."

"I beg your pardon," persisted Sir Joseph. "Marmalade."

"What *does* it matter, brother?"

"Sister, the late great and good Doctor Johnson said accuracy ought always to be studied even in the most trifling things."

"You *will* have your way, Joseph"—(this was the formula—answering to Sir Joseph's "Let us waive the point"—which Miss Lavinia used, as a means of conciliating her brother, and getting a fresh start for her story). "Well, we took dear Natalie out between us, after breakfast, for a little walk in the grounds. My brother opened the subject with infinite delicacy and tact. 'Circumstances,' he said, 'into which it was not then necessary to enter, made it very desirable, young as she was, to begin to think of her establishment in life.' And then he referred, Richard (so nicely), to your faithful and devoted attachment—"

"Excuse me, Lavinia, I began with Richard's attachment, and then I got on to her establishment in life."

"Excuse *me*, Joseph. You managed it much more delicately than you suppose. You didn't drag Richard in by the head and shoulders in that way."

"Lavinia! I began with Richard."

"Joseph! Your memory deceives you."

Turlington's impatience broke through all restraint.

"How did it end?" he asked. "Did you propose to her that we should be married in the first week of the New Year?"

"Yes," said Miss Lavinia.

"No," said Sir Joseph.

The sister looked at the brother with an expression of affectionate surprise. The brother looked at the sister with a fund of amiable contradiction, expressed in a low bow.

"Do you really mean to deny, Joseph, that you told Natalie we had decided on the first week in the New Year?"

"I deny the New Year, Lavinia. I said early in January."

"You *will* have your way, Joseph! We were walking in the shrubbery at the time. I had our dear girl's arm in mine, and I felt it tremble. She suddenly stopped. 'Oh,' she said, 'not so soon!' I said, 'My dear, consider Richard!' She turned to her father. She said, 'Don't, pray don't press it so soon, papa! I respect Richard; I like Richard as your true and faithful friend; but I don't love him as I ought to love him if I am to be his wife.' Imagine her talking in that way! What could she possibly know about it? Of course, we both laughed—"

"*You* laughed, Lavinia."

"*You* laughed, Joseph."

"Get on, for God's sake!" cried Turlington, striking his hand passionately on the table by which he was sitting. "Don't madden me by contradicting each other! Did she give way or not?"

Miss Lavinia turned to her brother. "Contradicting each other, Joseph!" she exclaimed, lifting her hands in blank amazement.

"Contradicting each other!" repeated Sir Joseph, equally astonished on his side. "My dear Richard, what can you be thinking of? I contradict my sister! We never disagreed in our lives."

"I contradict my brother! We have never had a cross word between us from the time when we were children."

Turlington internally cursed his own irritable temper.

"I beg your pardon—both of you," he said. "I didn't know what I was saying. Make some allowance for me. All my hopes in life are centred in Natalie; and you have just told me (in her own words, Miss Lavinia) that she doesn't love me. You don't mean any harm, I dare say; but you cut me to the heart."

This confession and the look that accompanied it touched the ready sympathies of the two old people in the right place. The remainder of the story dropped between them by common consent. They vied with each other in saying the comforting words which would allay their dear Richard's anxiety. How little he knew of young girls! How could he be so foolish, poor fellow, as to attach any serious importance to what Natalie had said! As if a young creature in her teens knew the state of her own heart! Protestations and entreaties were matters of course in such cases. Tears even might be confidently expected from a right-minded girl. It had all ended exactly as Richard would have wished it to end. Sir Joseph had said, "My child! this is a matter of experience; love will come when you are married." And Miss Lavinia had added, "Dear Natalie, if you remembered your poor mother as I remember her, you would know that your father's experience is to be relied on." In that way they had put it to her; and she had hung her head, and had given—all that maiden modesty could be expected to give—a silent consent. The wedding-day was fixed for the first week in the New Year. (No, Joseph; not January—the New Year.) "And God bless you, Richard! and may your married life be a long and happy one."

So the average ignorance of human nature, and the average belief in conventional sentiment, complacently contemplated the sacrifice of one more victim on the all-devouring altar of Marriage! So Sir Joseph and his sister provided Launcelot Linzie with the one argument which he wanted to convince Natalie: "Choose between making the misery of your life by marrying *him*, and making the happiness of your life by marrying *me*."

---

* It may not be amiss to remind the incredulous reader that a famous firm in the City accepted precisely the same security as that here accepted by Bulpit Brothers, with the same sublime indifference to troubling themselves by making any inquiry about it.

"When shall I see her?" asked Turlington, with Miss Lavinia (in tears which did *her* credit) in possession of one of his hands, and Sir Joseph (in tears which did *him* credit) in possession of the other.

"She will be back to dinner, dear Richard. Stay and dine."

"Thank you. I must go into the City first. I will come back and dine."

With that arrangement in prospect, he left them.

An hour later a telegram arrived from Natalie. She had consented to dine, as well as lunch, in Berkeley Square—sleeping there that night, and returning the next morning. Her father instantly telegraphed back by the messenger, insisting on Natalie's return to Muswell Hill that evening in time to meet Richard Turlington at dinner.

"Quite right, Joseph!" said Miss Lavinia, looking over her brother's shoulder while he wrote the telegram.

"She is showing a disposition to coquet with Richard," rejoined Sir Joseph, with the air of a man who knew female human nature in its remotest corners. "My telegram, Lavinia, will have its effect."

Sir Joseph was quite right. His telegram *had* its effect. It not only brought his daughter back to dinner; it produced another result which his prophetic faculty had altogether failed to foresee. The message reached Berkeley Square at five o'clock in the afternoon. Let us follow the message.

FIFTH SCENE.

THE SQUARE.

BETWEEN four and five o'clock in the afternoon—when the women of the western regions are in their carriages and the men are at their clubs—London presents few places more conveniently adapted for purposes of private talk than the solitary garden inclosure of a square.

On the day when Richard Turlington paid his visit to Muswell Hill, two ladies (with a secret between them) unlocked the gate of the railed garden in Berkeley Square. They shut the gate, after entering the inclosure, but carefully forbore to lock it as well, and carefully restricted their walk to the westward side of the garden. One of them was Natalie Graybrooke. The other was Mrs. Sancroft's eldest daughter. A certain temporary interest attached, in the estimation of society, to this young lady. She had sold well in the marriage market. In other words, she had recently been raised to the position of Lord Winwood's second wife; his lordship conferring on the bride not only the honors of the peerage, but the additional distinction of being step-mother to his three single daughters, all older than herself. In person, Lady Winwood was little and fair. In character, she was dashing and resolute—a complete contrast to Natalie, and (on that very account) Natalie's bosom friend.

"My dear, one ambitious marriage in the family is quite enough! I have made up my mind that *you* shall marry the man you love. Don't tell me your courage is failing you—the excuse is contemptible; I decline to receive it. Natalie! the men have a phrase which exactly describes your character. You want backbone!"

The bonnet of the lady who expressed herself in these peremptory terms barely reached the height of Natalie's shoulder. Natalie might have blown the little, airy, light-haired, unsubstantial creature over the railings of the garden if she had taken a good long breath and stooped low enough. But who ever met with a tall woman who had a will of her own? Natalie's superb black eyes looked softly down in submissive attention from an elevation of five feet seven. Lady Winwood's brisk blue eyes looked brightly up in despotic command from an elevation of four feet eleven (in her shoes).

"You are trifling with Mr. Linzie, my dear. Mr. Linzie is a nice fellow. I like him. I won't have that."

"Louisa!"

"Mr. Turlington has nothing to recommend him. He is not a well-bred old gentleman of exalted rank. He is only an odious brute who happens to have made money. You shall *not* marry Mr. Turlington. And you *shall* marry Launcelot Linzie."

"Will you let me speak, Louisa?"

"I will let you answer—nothing more. Didn't you come crying to me this morning? Didn't you say, 'Louisa, they have pronounced sentence on me! I am to be married in the first week of the New Year. Help me out of it, for Heaven's sake!' You said all that, and more. And what did I do when I heard your story?"

"Oh, you were so kind—"

"Kind doesn't half express it. I have committed crimes on your account. I have deceived my husband and my mother. For your sake I got mamma to ask Mr. Linzie to lunch (as my friend!). For your sake I have banished my unoffending husband, not an hour since, to his club. You wretched girl! who arranged a private conference in the library? Who sent Mr. Linzie off to consult his friend in the Temple on the law of clandestine marriage? Who suggested your telegraphing home, and stopping here for the night? Who made an appointment to meet your young man privately in this detestable place in ten minutes' time? I did! I did! I did! All in your interests. All to prevent you from doing what I have done—marrying to please your family instead of to please yourself. (I don't complain, mind, of Lord Winwood or of his daughters. *He* is charming; his daughters I shall tame in course of time. You are different. And Mr. Turlington, as I observed before, is a brute.) Very well. Now what do you owe me on your side? You owe it to me at least to know your own mind. You don't know it. You coolly inform me that you daren't run the risk after all, and that you can't face the consequences on second thoughts. I'll tell you what! You don't deserve that nice fellow who worships the very ground you tread on. You are a bread-and-butter miss. I don't believe you are fond of him!"

"Not fond of him!" Natalie stopped, and clasped her hands in despair of finding language strong enough for the occasion. At the same moment the sound of a closing gate caught her ear. She looked round. Launce had kept his appointment before his time. Launce was in the garden, rapidly approaching them.

"Now for the law of Clandestine Marriage," said Lady Winwood. "Mr. Linzie, we will take it sitting." She led the way to one of the benches in the garden, and placed Launce between Natalie and herself. "Well, Chief Conspirator, have you got the License? No? Does it cost too much? Can I lend you the money?"

"It costs perjury, Lady Winwood, in my case," said Launce. "Natalie is not of age. I can only get a License by taking my oath that I marry her with her father's consent." He turned piteously to Natalie. "I couldn't very well do that," he said, in the tone of a man who feels bound to make an apology, "could I?" Natalie shuddered; Lady Winwood shrugged her shoulders.

"In your place a woman wouldn't have hesitated," her ladyship remarked. "But men are so selfish. Well? I suppose there is some other way?"

"Yes, there is another way," said Launce. "But there is a horrid condition attached to it—"

"Something worse than perjury, Mr. Linzie? Murder?"

"I'll tell you directly, Lady Winwood. The marriage comes first. The condition follows. There is only one chance for us. We must be married by bans."

"Bans!" cried Natalie. "Why bans are publicly proclaimed in church!"

"They needn't be proclaimed in *your* church, you goose!" said Lady Winwood. "And, even if they were, nobody would be the wiser. You may trust implicitly, my dear, in the elocution of an English clergyman!"

"That's just what my friend said," cried Launce. "'Take a lodging near a large parish church, in a remote part of London'—(this is my friend's advice)—'Go to the clerk, tell him you want to be married by bans, and say you belong to that parish. As for the lady, in your place I should simplify it. I should say she belonged to the parish too. Give an address, and have some one there to answer questions. How is the clerk to know? He isn't likely to be over-anxious about it—his fee is eighteenpence. The clerk makes his profit out of you, after you are married. The same rule applies to the parson. He will have your names supplied to him on a strip of paper, with dozens of other names; and he will read them all out together in one inarticulate jumble in church. You will stand at the altar when your time comes, with Brown and Jones, Nokes and Styles, Jack and Gill. All that you will have to do is, to take care that your young lady doesn't fall to Jack, and you to Gill, by mistake—and there you are, married by bans.' My friend's opinion; stated in his own words."

Natalie sighed, and wrung her hands in her lap. "We shall never get through it," she said, despondingly.

Lady Winwood took a more cheerful view.

"I see nothing very formidable, as yet, my dear. But we have still to hear the end of it. You mentioned a condition just now, Mr. Linzie."

"I am coming to the condition, Lady Winwood. You naturally suppose, as I did, that I put Natalie into a cab, and run away with her from the church door?"

"Certainly. And I throw an old shoe after you for luck, and go home again."

Launce shook his head ominously.

"Natalie must go home again, as well as you!"

Lady Winwood started. "Is that the condition you mentioned just now?" she asked.

"That is the condition. I may marry her without any thing serious coming of it. But, if I run away with her afterward, and if you are there, aiding and abetting me, we are guilty of Abduction, and we may stand, side by side, at the bar of the Old Bailey to answer for it!"

Natalie sprang to her feet in horror. Lady Winwood held up one finger warningly, signing to her to let Launce go on.

"Natalie is not yet sixteen years old," Launce proceeded. "She must go straight back to her father's house from the church, and I must wait to run away with her till her next birthday. When she's turned sixteen, she's ripe for elopement—not an hour before. There is the law of Abduction! Despotism in a free country—that's what I call it!"

Natalie sat down again with an air of relief.

"It's a very comforting law, *I* think," she said. "It doesn't force one to take the dreadful step of running away from home all at once. It gives one time to consider, and plan, and make up one's mind. I can tell you this, Launce, if I *am* to be persuaded into marrying you, the law of abduction is the only thing that will induce me to do it. You ought to thank the law, instead of abusing it."

Launce listened—without conviction.

"It's a pleasant prospect," he said, "to part at the church door, and to treat my own wife on the footing of a young lady who is engaged to marry another gentleman!"

"Is it any pleasanter for *me*," retorted Natalie, "to have Richard Turlington courting me, when I am all the time your wife? I shall never be able to do it. I wish I was dead!"

"Come! come!" interposed Lady Winwood. "It's time to be serious. Natalie's birthday, Mr. Linzie, is next Christmas-day. She will be sixteen—"

"At seven in the morning," said Launce; "I got that out of Sir Joseph. At one minute past seven, Greenwich mean time, we may be off together. I got *that* out of the lawyer."

"And it isn't an eternity to wait from now till Christmas-day. You get that, by way of completing the list of your acquisitions, out of *me*. In the mean time, can you, or can you not, manage to meet the difficulties in the way of the marriage?"

"I have settled every thing," Launce answered, confidently. "There is not a single difficulty left."

He turned to Natalie, listening to him in amazement, and explained himself. It had struck him that he might appeal—with his purse in his hand, of course—to the interest felt in his love affairs by the stewardess of the yacht. That excellent woman had volunteered to do all that she could to help him. Her husband had obtained situations for his wife and himself on board another yacht, and they were both eager to assist in any conspiracy in which their late merciless master was destined to play the part of victim. When on shore, they lived in a populous London parish, far away from the fashionable district of Berkeley Square, and farther yet from the respectable suburb of Muswell Hill. A room in the house could be nominally engaged for Natalie, in the assumed character of the stewardess's niece—the stewardess undertaking to answer any purely formal questions which might be put by the Church authorities, and to be present at the marriage ceremony. As for Launce, he would actually, as well as nominally, live in the district close by; and the steward, if needful, would answer for *him*. Natalie might call at her parochial residence occasionally, under the wing of Lady Winwood; gaining leave of absence from Muswell Hill, on the plea of paying one of her customary visits at her aunt's house. The conspiracy, in brief, was arranged in all its details. Nothing was now wanting but the consent of the young lady; obtaining which, Launce would go to the parish church and give the necessary notice of a marriage by bans on the next day. There was the plot. What did the ladies think of it?

Lady Winwood thought it perfect.

Natalie was not so easily satisfied.

"My father has always been so kind to me!" she said. "The one thing I can't get over, Launce, is distressing papa. If he had been hard on me—as some fathers are—I shouldn't mind." She suddenly brightened, as if she saw her position in a new light. "Why should you hurry me?" she asked. "I am going to dine at my aunt's to-day, and you are coming in the evening. Give me time. Wait till to-night."

Launce instantly entered his protest against wasting a moment longer. Lady Winwood opened her lips to support him. They were both silenced at the same moment by the appearance of one of Mrs. Sancroft's servants, opening the gate of the square.

Lady Winwood went forward to meet the man. A suspicion crossed her mind that he might be bringing bad news.

"What do you want?" she asked.

"I beg your pardon, my lady—the housekeeper said you were walking here with Miss Graybrooke. A telegram for Miss Graybrooke."

Lady Winwood took the telegram from the man's hand, dismissed him, and went back with it to Natalie. Natalie opened it nervously. She read the message, and instantly changed. Her cheeks flushed deep; her eyes flashed with indignation. "Even papa can be hard on me, it seems, when Richard asks him!" she exclaimed. She handed the telegram to Launce. Her eyes suddenly filled with tears. "*You* love me," she said, gently, and stopped. "Marry me!" she added, with a sudden burst of resolution. "I'll risk it!"

As she spoke those words, Lady Winwood read the telegram. It ran thus:

"Sir Joseph Graybrooke, Muswell Hill. To Miss Natalie Graybrooke, Berkeley Square. Come back immediately. You are engaged to dine here with Richard Turlington."

SIXTH SCENE.

THE CHURCH.

THE time is morning; the date is early in the month of November. The place is a church, in a poor and populous parish in the undiscovered regions of London, eastward of the Tower, and hard by the river-side.

A marriage procession of five approaches the altar. The bridegroom is pale, and the bride is frightened. The bride's friend (a resolute-looking little lady) encourages her in whispers. The two respectable persons, apparently man and wife, who complete the procession, seem to be not quite clear as to the position which they occupy at the ceremony. The beadle, as he marshals them before the altar, sees something under the surface in this wedding party. Marriages in the lower ranks of life are the only marriages celebrated here. Is this a runaway match? The beadle anticipates something out of the common, in the shape of a fee.

The clergyman (the junior curate) appears from the vestry in his robes. The clerk takes his place. The clergyman's eye rests with a sudden interest and curiosity on the bride and bridegroom, and on the bride's friend; notices the absence of elderly relatives; remarks, in the two ladies especially, evidences of refinement and breeding, entirely unparalleled in his professional experience of brides and brides' friends standing before the altar of that church; questions, silently and quickly, the eye of the clerk, occupied also in observing the strangers with interest. "Jenkinson" (the clergyman's look asks), "is this all right?" "Sir" (the clerk's look answers), "a marriage by bans; all the formalities have been observed." The clergyman opens his book. The formalities have been observed; his duty lies plainly before him. Attention, Launcelot! Courage, Natalie! The service begins.

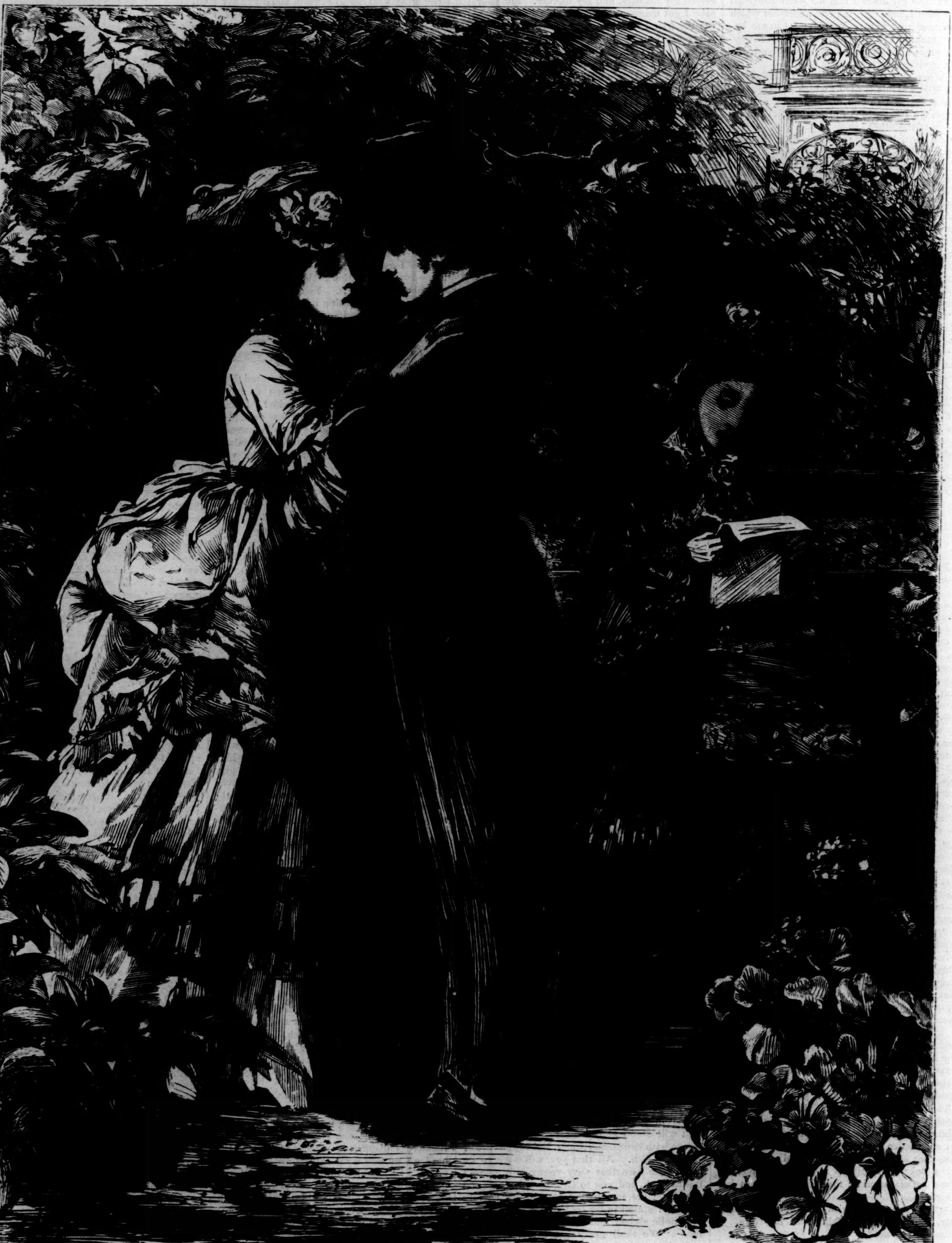
Launce casts a last furtive look round the church. Will Sir Joseph Graybrooke start up and stop it from one of the empty pews? Is Richard Turlington lurking in the organ-loft, and only waiting till the words of the service appeal to him to prohibit the marriage, or "else hereafter forever to hold his peace?" No. The clergyman proceeds steadily, and nothing happens. Natalie's charming face grows paler and paler, Natalie's heart throbs faster and faster, as the time comes nearer for reading the words which unite them for life. Lady Winwood herself feels an unaccustomed fluttering in the region of the bosom. Her ladyship's thoughts revert, not altogether pleasantly, to her own marriage: Ah, me! what was *I* thinking of when I was in this position? Of the bride's beautiful dress, and of Lady Winwood's coming presentation at Court!

The service advances to the words in which they plight their troth. Launce has put the ring on her finger. Launce has repeated the words after the clergyman. Launce has married her! Done! Come what may of it, done!

The service ends. Bridegroom, bride, and witnesses go into the vestry to sign the book. The signing, like the service, is serious. No trifling with the truth is possible here. When it comes to Lady Winwood's turn, Lady Winwood must write her name. She does it, but without her usual grace and decision. She drops her handkerchief. The clerk picks it up for her, and notices that a coronet is embroidered in one corner.

The fees are paid. They leave the vestry. Other couples, when it is over, are talkative and happy. These two are more silent and more embarrassed than ever. Stranger still, while other couples go off with relatives and friends, all socially united in honor of the occasion, these two and their friends part at the church door. The respectable man and his wife go their way on foot. The little lady with the coronet on her handkerchief puts the bride into a cab, gets in herself, and directs the driver to close the door, while the bridegroom is standing on the church steps! The bridegroom's face is clouded, as well it may be. He puts his head in at the window of the cab; he possesses himself of the bride's hand; he speaks in a whisper; he is apparently not to be shaken off. The little lady exerts her authority, separates the clasped hands, pushes the bridegroom away, and cries peremptorily to the driver to go on. The cab starts; the deserted husband drifts desolately anyhow down the street. The clerk, who has seen it all, goes back to the vestry and reports what has happened.

The rector (with his wife on his arm) has just dropped into the vestry on business in passing. He and the curate are talking about the strange marriage. The rector, gravely bent on ascertaining that no blame rests with the



"'*YOU* LOVE ME,' SHE SAID, GENTLY, AND STOPPED. 'MARRY ME!' SHE ADDED, WITH A SUDDEN BURST OF RESOLUTION. 'I'LL RISK IT!'"—FIFTH SCENE.

Church, interrogates, and is satisfied. The rector's wife is not so easy to deal with. She has looked at the signatures in the book. One of the names is familiar to her. She cross-examines the clerk as soon as her husband has done with him. When she hears of the coronet on the handkerchief she points to the signature of "Louisa Winwood," and says to the rector, "I know who it is! Lord Winwood's second wife. I went to school with his lordship's daughters by his first marriage. We occasionally meet at the Sacred Concerts (on the 'Ladies' Committee'); I shall find an opportunity of speaking to them. One moment, Mr. Jenkinson; I will write down the names before you put away the book. 'Launcelot Linzie,' 'Natalie Graybrooke.' Very pretty names; quite romantic. I do delight in a romance. Good-morning."

She gives the curate a parting smile, and the clerk a parting nod, and sails out of the vestry. Natalie, silently returning in Lady Winwood's company to Muswell Hill; Launce, cursing the law of abduction as he roams the streets—little think that the ground is already mined under their feet. Richard Turlington may hear of it now, or may hear of it later. The discovery of the marriage depends entirely on a chance meeting between the lord's daughters and the rector's wife.

SEVENTH SCENE.

THE EVENING PARTY.

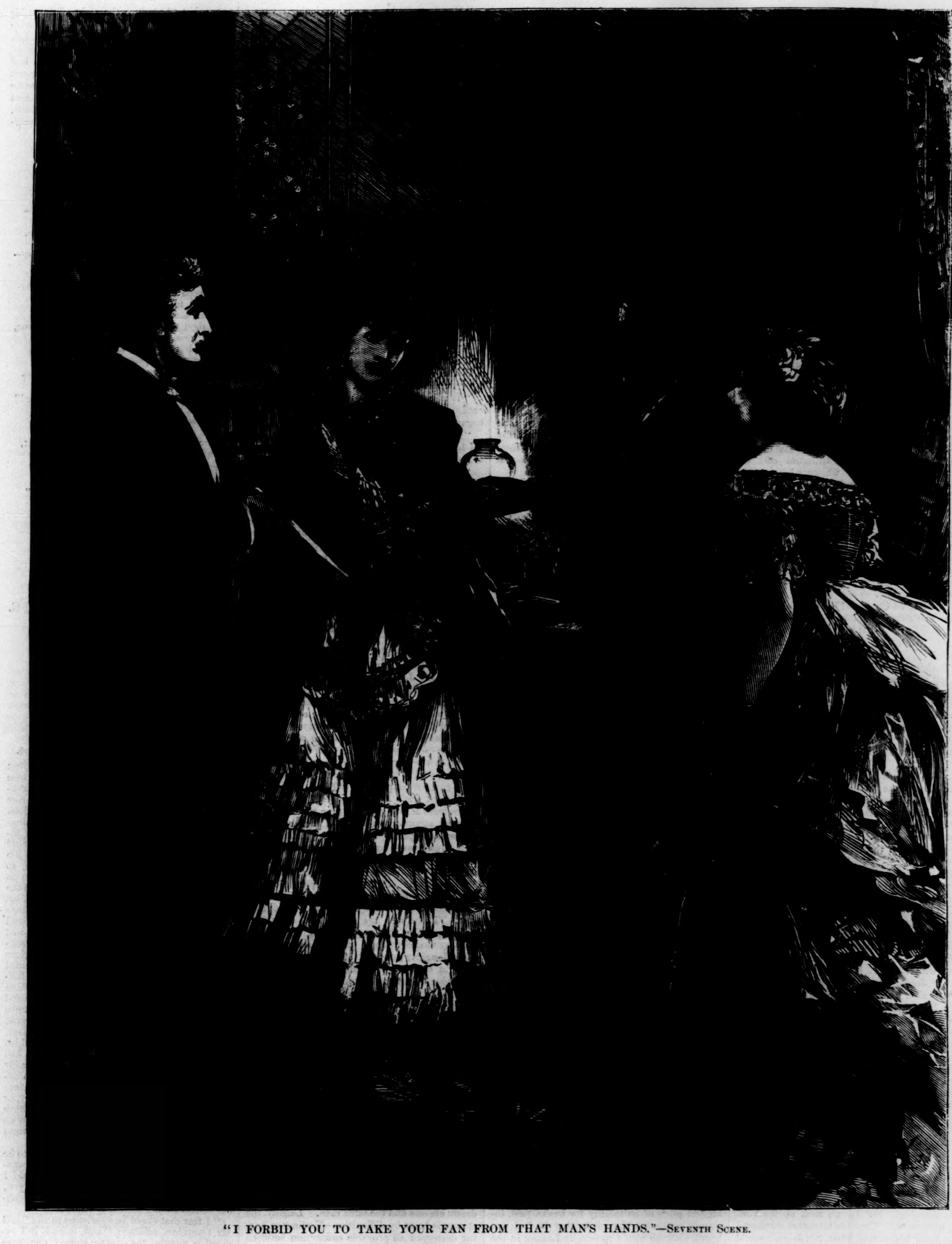
Mr. Turlington,

Lady Winwood *At Home.*

Wednesday, December 15.—Ten o'clock.

"DEAREST NATALIE,—As the brute insists, the brute must have the invitation which I inclose. Never mind, my child. You and Launce are coming to dinner, and I will see that you have your little private opportunities of retirement afterward. All I expect of you in return is, *not* to look (when you come back) as if your husband had been kissing you. You will certainly let out the secret of those stolen kisses, if you don't take care. At mamma's dinner yesterday, your color (when you came out of the conservatory) was a sight to see. Even your shoulders were red! They are charming shoulders, I know, and men take the strangest fancies sometimes. But, my dear, suppose you wear a chemisette next time, if you haven't authority enough over him to prevent his doing it again! Your affectionate LOUISA."

The private history of the days that had passed since the marriage was written in that letter. An additional chapter—of some importance in its bearing on the future—was contributed by the progress of events at Lady Winwood's party.



"I FORBID YOU TO TAKE YOUR FAN FROM THAT MAN'S HANDS."—SEVENTH SCENE.

By previous arrangement with Natalie, the Graybrookes (invited to dinner) arrived early. Leaving her husband and her step-daughters to entertain Sir Joseph and Miss Lavinia, Lady Winwood took Natalie into her own boudoir, which communicated by a curtained opening with the drawing-room.

"My dear! you are looking positively haggard this evening. Has any thing happened?"

"I am nearly worn out, Louisa. The life I am leading is so unendurable that, if Launce pressed me, I believe I should consent to run away with him when we leave your house to-night."

"You will do nothing of the sort, if you please. Wait till you are sixteen. I delight in novelty, but the novelty of appearing at the Old Bailey is beyond my ambition. Is the brute coming to-night?"

"Of course. He insists on following me wherever I go. He lunched at Muswell Hill to-day. More complaints of my incomprehensible coldness to him. Another scolding from papa. A furious letter from Launce. If I let Richard kiss my hand again in his presence, Launce warns me he will knock him down. Oh, the meanness and the guiltiness of the life I am leading now! I am in the falsest of all false positions, Louisa, and you encouraged me to do it. I believe Richard Turlington suspects us. The last two times Launce and I tried to get a minute together at my aunt's, he contrived to put himself in our way. There he was, my dear, with his scowling face, looking as if he longed to kill Launce. Can you do any thing for us to-night? Not on my account. But Launce is so impatient. If he can't say two words to me alone this evening, he declares he will come to Muswell Hill, and catch me in the garden to-morrow."

"Compose yourself, my dear; he shall say his two words to-night."

"How?"

Lady Winwood pointed through the curtained entrance of the boudoir to the door of the drawing-room. Beyond the door was the staircase landing. And beyond the landing was a second drawing-room, the smallest of the two.

"There are only three or four people coming to dinner," her ladyship proceeded; "and a few more in the evening. Being a small party, the small drawing-room will do for us. This drawing-room will not be lit, and there will be only my reading-lamp here in the boudoir. I shall give the signal for leaving the dining-room earlier than usual. Launce will join us before the evening party begins. The moment he appears, send him in here—boldly before your aunt and all of us."

"For what?"

"For your fan. Leave it there under the sofa-cushion before we go down to dinner. You will sit next to Launce, and you will give him private instructions not to find the fan. You will get impatient—you will go to find it yourself—and there you are. Take care of your shoulders, Mrs. Linzie! I have nothing more to say."

The guests asked to dinner began to arrive. Lady Winwood was recalled to her duties as mistress of the house.

It was a pleasant little dinner—with one drawback. It began too late. The ladies only reached the small drawing-room at ten minutes to ten. Launce was only able to join them as the clock struck.

"Too late!" whispered Natalie. "He will be here directly."

"Nobody comes punctually to an evening party," said Launce. "Don't let us lose a moment. Send me for your fan."

Natalie opened her lips to say the necessary words. Before she could speak, the servant announced—"Mr. Turlington."

He came in, with his stiffly upright shirt collar and his loosely fitting glossy black clothes. He made his sullen and clumsy bow to Lady Winwood. And then he did what he had done dozens of times already—he caught Natalie with her eyes still bright and her face still animated (after talking to Launce)—a striking contrast to the cold and unimpulsive young lady whom he was accustomed to see while Natalie was talking to *him*.

Lord Winwood's daughters were persons of some celebrity in the world of amateur music. Noticing the look that Turlington cast at Launce, Lady Winwood whispered to Miss Lavinia—who instantly asked the young ladies to sing. Launce, in obedience to a sign from Natalie, volunteered to find the music-books. It is needless to add that he pitched on the wrong volume at starting. As he lifted it from the piano to take it back to the stand, there dropped out from between the leaves a printed letter, looking like a circular. One of the young ladies took it up, and ran her eye over it with a start.

"The Sacred Concerts!" she exclaimed.

Her two sisters, standing by, looked at each other guiltily: "What will the Committee say to us? We entirely forgot the meeting last month."

"Is there a meeting this month?"

They all looked anxiously at the printed letter.

"Yes! The twenty-third of December. Put it down in your book, Amelia." Amelia, then and there, put it down among the engagements for the latter end of the month. And Natalie's unacknowledged husband placidly looked on.

So did the merciless irony of circumstances make Launce the innocent means of exposing his own secret to discovery. Thanks to his success in laying his hand on the wrong music-book, there would now be a meeting—two good days before the elopement could take place—between the lord's daughters and the rector's wife!

The guests of the evening began to appear by twos and threes. The gentlemen below stairs left the dinner-table and joined them.

The small drawing-room was pleasantly filled, and no more. Sir Joseph Graybrooke, taking Turlington's hand, led him eagerly to their host. The talk in the dining-room had turned on finance. Lord Winwood was not quite satisfied with some of his foreign investments; and Sir Joseph's "dear Richard" was the very man to give him a little sound advice. The three laid their heads together in a corner. Launce (watching them) slyly pressed Natalie's hand. A renowned "virtuoso" had arrived, and was thundering on the piano. The attention of the guests generally was absorbed in the performance. A fairer chance of sending Launce for the fan could not possibly have offered itself. While the financial discussion was still proceeding, the married lovers were ensconced together, alone in the boudoir.

Lady Winwood (privately observant of their absence) kept her eye on the corner, watching Richard Turlington.

He was talking earnestly—with his back toward the company. He neither moved nor looked round. It came to Lord Winwood's turn to speak. He preserved the same position, listening. Sir Joseph took up the conversation next. Then his attention wandered—he knew beforehand what Sir Joseph would say. His eyes turned anxiously toward the place in which he had left Natalie. Lord Winwood said a word. His head turned back again toward the corner. Sir Joseph put an objection. He glanced once more over his shoulder—this time, at the place in which Launce had been standing. The next moment his host recalled his attention, and made it impossible for him to continue his scrutiny of the room. At the same time, two among the evening guests, bound for another party, approached to take leave of the lady of the house. Lady Winwood was obliged to rise and attend to them. They had something to say to her before they left, and they said it at terrible length; standing so as to intercept her view of the proceedings of the enemy. When she had got rid of them at last, she looked—and behold Lord Winwood and Sir Joseph were the only occupants of the corner!

Delaying one moment, to set the "virtuoso" thundering once more, Lady Winwood slipped out of the room, and crossed the landing. At the entrance to the empty drawing-room she heard Turlington's voice, low and threatening, in the boudoir. Jealousy has a Second-Sight of its own. He had looked in the right place at starting—and, oh heavens! he had caught them.

Her ladyship's courage was beyond dispute; but she turned pale as she approached the entrance to the boudoir.

There stood Natalie—at once angry and afraid—between the man to whom she was ostensibly engaged, and the man to whom she was actually married. Turlington's rugged face expressed a martyrdom of suppressed fury. Launce—in the act of offering Natalie her fan—smiled, with the cool superiority of a man who knew that he had won his advantage, and who triumphed in knowing it.

"I forbid you to take your fan from that man's hands!" said Turlington, speaking to Natalie, and pointing to Launce.

"Isn't it rather too soon to begin 'forbidding?'" asked Lady Winwood, good-humoredly.

"Exactly what I say!" exclaimed Launce. "It seems necessary to remind Mr. Turlington that he is not married to Natalie yet!"

Those last words were spoken in a tone which made both the women tremble inwardly for results. Lady Winwood took the fan from Launce with one hand, and took Natalie's arm with the other.

"There is your fan, my dear," she said, in her easy, off-hand manner. "Why do you allow these two barbarous men to keep you here while the great Bootmann is playing the 'Nightmare Sonata' in the next room? Launce! Mr. Turlington! follow me, and learn to be musical directly! You have only to shut your eyes, and you will fancy you hear four modern German composers playing, instead of one, and not the ghost of a melody among all the four." She led the way out with Natalie, and whispered, "Did he catch you?" Natalie whispered back, "I heard him in time. He only caught us looking for the fan." The two men waited behind to have two words together, alone in the boudoir.

"This doesn't end here, Mr. Linzie!"

Launce smiled satirically. "For once, I agree with you," he answered. "It doesn't end here, as you say."

Lady Winwood stopped, and looked back at them from the drawing-room door. They were keeping her waiting—they had no choice but to follow the mistress of the house.

Arrived in the next room, both Turlington and Launce resumed their places among the guests with the same object in view. As a necessary result of the scene in the boudoir, each had his own special remonstrance to address to Sir Joseph. Even here, Launce was beforehand with Turlington. He was the first to get possession of Sir Joseph's private ear. His complaint took the form of a protest against Turlington's jealousy, and an appeal for a reconsideration of the sentence which excluded him from Muswell Hill. Watching them from a distance, Turlington's suspicious eye detected the appearance of something unduly confidential in the colloquy between the two. Under cover of the company, he stole behind them and listened.

The great Bootmann had arrived at that part of the "Nightmare Sonata" in which musical sound, produced principally with the left hand, is made to describe, beyond all possibility of mistake, the rising of the moon in a country church-yard, and a dance of Vampires round a maiden's grave. Sir Joseph, having no chance against the Vampires in a whisper, was obliged to raise his voice to make himself audible in answering and comforting Launce. "I sincerely sympathize with you," Turlington heard him say; "and Natalie feels about it as I do. But Richard is an obstacle in our way. We must look to the consequences, my dear boy, supposing Richard found us out." He nodded kindly to his nephew; and, declining to pursue the subject, moved away to another part of the room.

Turlington's jealous distrust, wrought to the highest pitch of irritability for weeks past, instantly associated the words that he had just heard with the words spoken by Launce in the boudoir, which had reminded him that he was not married to Natalie yet. Was there treachery at work under the surface? and was the object to persuade weak Sir Joseph to reconsider his daughter's contemplated marriage in a sense favorable to Launce? Turlington's blind suspicion overleaped at a bound all the manifest improbabilities which forbade such a conclusion as this. After an instant's consideration with himself, he decided on keeping his own counsel, and on putting Sir Joseph's good faith then and there to a test which he could rely on as certain to take Natalie's father by surprise.

"Graybrooke!"

Sir Joseph started at the sight of his future son-in-law's face.

"My dear Richard, you are looking very strangely! Is the heat of the room too much for you?"

"Never mind the heat! I have seen enough to-night to justify me in insisting that your daughter and Launcelot Linzie shall meet no more between this and the day of my marriage." Sir Joseph attempted to speak. Turlington declined to give him the opportunity. "Yes! yes! your opinion of Linzie isn't mine, I know. I saw you as thick as thieves together just now." Sir Joseph once more attempted to make himself heard. Wearied by Turlington's perpetual complaints of his daughter and his nephew, he was sufficiently irritated by this time to have reported what Launce had actually said to him, if he had been allowed the chance. But Turlington persisted in going on. "I can not prevent Linzie from being received in this house, and at your sister's," he said; "but I can keep him out of *my* house in the country, and to the country let us go. I propose a change in the arrangements. Have you any engagement for the Christmas holidays?"

He paused, and fixed his eyes attentively on Sir Joseph. Sir Joseph, looking a little surprised, replied briefly that he had no engagement.

"In that case," resumed Turlington, "I invite you all to Somersetshire, and I propose that the marriage shall take place from my house, and not from yours. Do you refuse?"

"It is contrary to the usual course of proceeding in such cases, Richard," Sir Joseph began.

"Do you refuse?" reiterated Turlington. "I tell you plainly, I shall place a construction of my own upon your motive if you do."

"No, Richard," said Sir Joseph, quietly. "I accept."

Turlington drew back a step in silence. Sir Joseph had turned the tables on him, and had taken *him* by surprise.

"It will upset several plans, and cause some inconvenience to the ladies," proceeded the old gentleman. "But if nothing less will satisfy you, I say, Yes! I shall have occasion, when we meet to-morrow at Muswell Hill, to appeal to your indulgence under circumstances which may greatly astonish you. The least I can do in the mean time is to set an example of friendly sympathy and forbearance on my side. No more now, Richard. Hush! the music!"

It was impossible to make him explain himself further that night. Turlington was left to interpret Sir Joseph's mysterious communication with such doubtful aid to success as his own unassisted ingenuity might afford.

The meeting of the next day at Muswell Hill had for its object—as Turlington had already been informed—the drawing of Natalie's marriage-settlement. Was the question of money at the bottom of Sir Joseph's contemplated appeal to his indulgence? He thought of his commercial position. The depression in the Levant trade still continued. Never had his business at any previous time required such constant attention, and repaid that attention with so little profit. The Bills of Lading had been already used by the firm, in the ordinary course of trade, to obtain possession of the goods. The duplicates in the hands of Bulpit Brothers were literally waste paper. Repayment of the loan of forty thousand pounds (with interest) was due in less than a month's time. There was his commercial position! Was it possible that money-loving Sir Joseph had any modification to propose in the matter of his daughter's dowry? The bare dread that it might be so struck him cold. He quitted the house—and forgot to wish Natalie good-night.

Meanwhile Launce had left the evening party before him; and Launce also found matters for serious reflection presented to his mind before he slept that night. In other words, he found, on reaching his lodgings, a letter from his brother, marked "private." Had the inquiry into the secrets of Turlington's early life—now prolonged over some weeks—led to positive results at last? Launce eagerly opened the letter. It contained a Report and a Summary. He passed at once to the Summary, and read these words:

"If you only want moral evidence to satisfy your own mind, your end is gained. There is, morally, no doubt that Turlington and the sea-captain who cast the foreign sailor overboard to drown are one and the same man. Legally, the matter is beset by difficulties—Turlington having destroyed all provable connection between his present self and his past life. There is only one chance for us. A sailor on board the ship (who was in his master's secrets) is supposed to be still living (under his master's protection). All the black deeds of Turlington's early life are known to this man. He can prove the facts, if we can find him, and make it worth his while to speak. Under what *alias* he is hidden we do not know. His own name is Thomas Wildfang. If we are to make the attempt to find him, not a moment is to be lost. The expenses may be serious. Let me know whether we are to go on, or whether enough has been done to attain the end you have in view."

Enough had been done—not only to satisfy Launce, but to produce the right effect on Sir Joseph's mind if Sir Joseph proved obdurate when the secret of the marriage was revealed. Launce wrote a line directing the stoppage of the proceedings at the point which they had now reached. "Here is a reason for her not marrying Turlington," he said to himself, as he placed the papers under lock and key. "And if she doesn't marry Turlington," he added, with a lover's logic, "why shouldn't she marry Me?"

OLD TIME AND I.

By MARK LEMON.

Old Time and I the other night
 Had a carouse together;
The wine was golden, warm, and bright—
 Ay! just like summer weather.
Quoth I, "There's Christmas come again,
 And I no farthing richer;"
Time answered, "Ah! the old, old strain—
 I prithee pass the pitcher.

"Why measure all your good in gold?
 No rope of sand is weaker;
'Tis hard to get, 'tis hard to hold—
 Come, lad, fill up your beaker.
Hast thou not found true friends more true,
 And loving ones more loving?"
I could but say, "A few—a few;
 So keep the liquor moving."

"Hast thou not seen the prosp'rous knave
 Come down a precious thumper?
His cheats disclosed?" "I have—I have!"
 "Well, surely that's a bumper."
"Nay, hold a while; I've seen the just
 Find all their hopes grow dimmer."
"They will hope on, and strive, and trust,
 And conquer!" "That's a brimmer."

"'Tis not because to-day is dark,
 No brighter day's before 'em;
There's rest for every storm-tossed bark."
 "So be it! Pass the jorum!"
"Yet I must own I should not mind
 To be a little richer."
"Labor and wait, and you may find—
 Hallo! an empty pitcher."

MIDDLEMARCH:

A STUDY OF PROVINCIAL LIFE.

By GEORGE ELIOT,

Author of "Adam Bede," "Romola," etc.

Book I.

MISS BROOKE.

CHAPTER VII.

"Piacer e popone
Vuol la sua stagione."
—*Italian Proverb.*

Mr. Casaubon, as might be expected, spent a great deal of his time at the Grange in these weeks, and the hinderance which courtship occasioned to the progress of his great work—the Key to all Mythologies—naturally made him look forward the more eagerly to the happy termination of courtship. But he had deliberately incurred the hinderance, having made up his mind that it was now time for him to adorn his life with the graces of female companionship, to irradiate the gloom which fatigue was apt to hang over the intervals of studious labor with the play of female fancy, and to secure in this, his culminating age, the solace of female tendance for his declining years. Hence he determined to abandon himself to the stream of feeling, and perhaps was surprised to find what an exceedingly shallow rill it was. As in droughty regions baptism by immersion could only be performed symbolically, so Mr. Casaubon found that sprinkling was the utmost approach to a plunge which his stream would afford him; and he concluded that the poets had much exaggerated the force of masculine passion. Nevertheless, he observed with pleasure that Miss Brooke showed an ardent, submissive affection which promised to fulfill his most agreeable previsions of marriage. It had once or twice crossed his mind that possibly there was some deficiency in Dorothea to account for the moderation of his abandonment; but he was unable to discern the deficiency, or to figure to himself a woman who would have pleased him better; so that there was clearly no reason to fall back upon but the exaggerations of human tradition.

"Could I not be preparing myself now to be more useful?" said Dorothea to him, one morning, early in the time of courtship; "could I not learn to read Latin and Greek aloud to you, as Milton's daughters did to their father, without understanding what they read?"

"I fear that would be wearisome to you," said Mr. Casaubon, smiling; "and, indeed, if I remember rightly, the young women you have mentioned regarded that exercise in unknown tongues as a ground for rebellion against the poet."

"Yes; but in the first place, they were very naughty girls, else they would have been proud to minister to such a father; and in the second place, they might have studied privately, and taught themselves to understand what they read, and then it would have been interesting. I hope you don't expect me to be naughty and stupid?"

"I expect you to be all that an exquisite young lady can be in every possible relation of life. Certainly it might be a great advantage if you were able to copy the Greek character, and to that end it were well to begin with a little reading."

Dorothea seized this as a precious permission, She would not have asked Mr. Casaubon at once to teach her the languages, dreading of all things to be tiresome instead of helpful; but it was not entirely out of devotion to her future husband that she wished to know Latin and Greek. Those provinces of masculine knowledge seemed to her a standing-ground from which all truth could be seen more truly. As it was, she constantly doubted her own conclusions, because she felt her own ignorance; how could she be confident that one-roomed cottages were not for the glory of God, when men who knew the classics appeared to conciliate indifference to the cottages with zeal for the glory? Perhaps even Hebrew might be necessary—at least the alphabet and a few roots—in order to arrive at the core of things, and judge soundly on the social duties of the Christian. And she had not reached that point of renunciation at which she would have been satisfied with having a wise husband: she wished, poor child, to be wise herself. Miss Brooke was certainly very naïve, with all her alleged cleverness. Celia, whose mind had never been thought too powerful, saw the emptiness of other people's pretensions much more readily. To have in general but little feeling seems to be the only security against feeling too much on any particular occasion.

However, Mr. Casaubon consented to listen and teach for an hour together, like a schoolmaster of little boys, or, rather, like a lover, to whom a mistress's elementary ignorance and difficulties have a touching fitness. Few scholars would have disliked teaching the alphabet under such circumstances. But Dorothea herself was a little shocked and discouraged at her own stupidity, and the answers she got to some timid questions about the value of the Greek accents gave her a painful suspicion that here indeed there might be secrets not capable of explanation to a woman's reason.

Mr. Brooke had no doubt on that point, and expressed himself with his usual strength upon it one day that he came into the library while the reading was going forward.

"Well, but now, Casaubon, such deep studies, classics, mathematics, that kind of thing, are too taxing for a woman—too taxing, you know."

"Dorothea is learning to read the characters simply," said Mr. Casaubon, evading the question. "She had the very considerate thought of saving my eyes."

"Ah, well, without understanding, you know—that may not be so bad. But there is a lightness about the feminine mind—a touch and go—music, the fine arts, that kind of thing—they should study those up to a certain point, women should; but in a light way, you know. A woman should be able to sit down and play you or sing you a good old English tune. That is what I like; though I have heard most things—been at the opera in Vienna: Gluck, Mozart, every thing of that sort. But I'm a conservative in music—it's not like ideas, you know. I stick to the good old tunes."

"Mr. Casaubon is not fond of the piano, and I am very glad he is not," said Dorothea, whose slight regard for domestic music and feminine fine art must be forgiven her, considering the small tinkling and smearing in which they chiefly consisted at that dark period. She smiled and looked up at her betrothed with grateful eyes. If he had always been asking her to play the "Last Rose of Summer," she would have required much resignation. "He says there is only an old harpsichord at Lowick, and it is covered with books."

"Ah, there you are behind Celia, my dear. Celia, now, plays very prettily, and is always ready to play. However, since Casaubon does not like it, you are all right. But it's a pity you should not have little recreations of that sort, Casaubon: the bow always strung—that kind of thing, you know—will not do."

"I never could look on it in the light of a recreation to have my ears teased with measured noises," said Mr. Casaubon. "A tune much iterated has the ridiculous effect of making the words in my mind perform a sort of minuet to keep time—an effect hardly tolerable, I imagine, after boyhood. As to the grander forms of music, worthy to accompany solemn celebrations, and even to serve as an educating influence according to the ancient conception, I say nothing, for with these we are not immediately concerned."

"No; but music of that sort I should enjoy," said Dorothea. "When we were coming home from Lausanne my uncle took us to hear the great organ at Freiberg, and it made me sob."

"That kind of thing is not healthy, my dear," said Mr. Brooke. "Casaubon, she will be in your hands now: you must teach my niece to take things more quietly, eh, Dorothea?"

He ended with a smile, not wishing to hurt his niece, but really thinking that it was perhaps better for her to be early married to so sober a fellow as Casaubon, since she would not hear of Chettam.

"It is wonderful, though," he said to himself, as he shuffled out of the room—"it is wonderful that she should have liked him. However, the match is good. I should have been traveling out of my brief to have hindered it, let Mrs. Cadwallader say what she will. He is pretty certain to be a bishop, is Casaubon: that was a very seasonable pamphlet of his on the Catholic Question: a deanery at least. They owe him a deanery."

And here I must vindicate a claim to philosophical reflectiveness by remarking that Mr. Brooke on this occasion little thought of the Radical speech which, at a later period, he was led to make on the incomes of the bishops. What elegant historian would neglect a striking opportunity for pointing out that his heroes did not foresee the history of the world, or even their own actions? For example, that Henry of Navarre, when a Protestant baby, little thought of being a Catholic monarch; or that Alfred the Great, when he measured his laborious nights with burning candles, had no idea of future gentlemen measuring their idle days with watches. Here is a mine of truth, which, however vigorously it may be worked, is likely to outlast our coal.

But of Mr. Brooke I make a further remark, perhaps less warranted by precedent—namely, that if he had foreknown his speech, it might not have made any great difference. To think with pleasure of his niece's husband having a large ecclesiastical income was one thing—to make a Liberal speech was another thing; and it is a narrow mind which can not look at a subject from various points of view.

CHAPTER VIII.

> "Oh, rescue her! I am her brother now,
> And you her father. Every gentle maid
> Should have a guardian in each gentleman."

It was wonderful to Sir James Chettam how well he continued to like going to the Grange after he had once encountered the difficulty of seeing Dorothea for the first time in the light of a woman who was engaged to another man. Of course the forked lightning seemed to pass through him when he first approached her, and he remained conscious throughout the interview of hiding uneasiness; but, good as he was, it must be owned that his uneasiness was less than it would have been if he had thought his rival a brilliant and desirable match. He had no sense of being eclipsed by Mr. Casaubon; he was only shocked that Dorothea was under a melancholy illusion, and his mortification lost some of its bitterness by being mingled with compassion.

Nevertheless, while Sir James said to himself that he had completely resigned her, since with the perversity of a Desdemona she had not affected a proposed match that was clearly suitable and according to nature, he could not yet be quite passive under the idea of her engagement to Mr. Casaubon. On the day when he first saw them together in the light of his present knowledge, it seemed to him that he had not taken the affair seriously enough. Brooke was really culpable; he ought to have hindered it. Who could speak to him? Something might be done perhaps even now, at least to defer the marriage. On his way home he turned into the Rectory and asked for Mr. Cadwallader. This time, happily, the rector was at home, and his visitor was shown into the study, where all the fishing-tackle hung. But he himself was in a little room adjoining, at work with his turning apparatus, and he called to the baronet to join him there. The two were better friends than any other landholder and clergyman in the county—a significant fact which was in agreement with the amiable expression of their faces.

Mr. Cadwallader was a large man, with full lips and a sweet smile; very plain and rough in his exterior, but with that solid, imperturbable ease and good humor which is infectious, and, like great grassy hills in the sunshine, quiets even an irritated egoism, and makes it rather ashamed of itself. "Well, how are you?" he said, showing a hand not quite fit to be grasped. "Sorry I missed you before. Is there any thing particular? You look vexed."

Sir James's brow had a little crease in it, a little depression of the eyebrow, which he seemed purposely to exaggerate as he answered,

"It is only this conduct of Brooke's. I really think somebody should speak to him."

"What? meaning to stand?" said Mr. Cadwallader, going on with the arrangement of the reels which he had just been turning. "I hardly think he means it. But where's the harm, if he likes it? Any one who objects to Whiggery should be glad when the Whigs don't put up the strongest fellow. They won't overturn the Constitution with our friend Brooke's head for a battering-ram."

"Oh, I don't mean that," said Sir James, who, after putting down his hat and throwing himself into a chair, had begun to nurse his leg and examine the sole of his boot with much bitterness. "I mean this marriage. I mean his letting that blooming young girl marry Casaubon."

"What is the matter with Casaubon? I see no harm in him—if the girl likes him."

"She is too young to know what she likes. Her guardian ought to interfere. He ought not to allow the thing to be done in this headlong manner. I wonder a man like you, Cadwallader—a man with daughters—can look at the affair with indifference: and with such a heart as yours! Do think seriously about it."

"I am not joking; I am as serious as possible," said the rector, with a provoking little inward laugh. "You are as bad as Elinor. She has been wanting me to go and lecture Brooke; and I have reminded her that her friends had a very poor opinion of the match she made when she married me."

"But look at Casaubon," said Sir James, indignantly. "He must be fifty, and I don't believe he could ever have been much more than the shadow of a man. Look at his legs!"

"Confound you handsome young fellows! you think of having it all your own way in the world. You don't understand women. They don't admire you half so much as you admire yourselves. Elinor used to tell her sisters that she married me for my ugliness—it was so various and amusing that it had quite conquered her prudence."

"You! it was easy enough for a woman to love you. But this is no question of beauty. I don't *like* Casaubon." This was Sir James's strongest way of implying that he thought ill of a man's character.

"Why? what do you know against him?" said the rector, laying down his reels, and putting his thumbs into his armholes with an air of attention.

Sir James paused. He did not usually find it easy to give his reasons: it seemed to him strange that people should not know them without being told, since he only felt what was reasonable. At last he said,

"Now, Cadwallader, has he got any heart?"

"Well, yes. I don't mean of the melting sort, but a sound kernel, *that* you may be sure of. He is very good to his poor relations: pensions several of the women, and is educating a young fellow at a good deal of expense. Casaubon acts up to his sense of justice. His mother's sister made a bad match—a Pole, I think—lost herself—at any rate was disowned by her family. If it had not been for that, Casaubon would not have had so much money by half. He went himself to find out his cousins, and see what he could do for them. Every man would not ring so well as that, if you tried his metal. *You* would, Chettam; but not every man."

"I don't know," said Sir James, coloring. "I am not so sure of myself." He paused a moment, and then added: "That was a right thing for Casaubon to do. But a man may wish to do what is right, and yet be a sort of parchment code. A woman may not be happy with him. And I think when a girl is so young as Miss Brooke is, her friends ought to interfere a little to hinder her from doing any thing foolish. You laugh, because you fancy I have some feeling on my own account. But, upon my honor, it is not that. I should feel just the same if I were Miss Brooke's brother or uncle."

"Well, but what should you do?"

"I should say that the marriage must not be decided on until she was of age. And depend upon it, in that case, it would never come off. I wish you saw it as I do—I wish you would talk to Brooke about it."

Sir James rose as he was finishing his sentence, for he saw Mrs. Cadwallader entering from the study. She held by the hand her youngest girl, about five years old, who immediately ran to papa, and was made comfortable on his knee.

"I hear what you are talking about," said the wife. "But you will make no impression on Humphrey. As long as the fish rise to his bait, every body is what he ought to be. Bless you, Casaubon has got a trout stream, and does not care about fishing in it himself: could there be a better fellow?"

"Well, there is something in that," said the rector, with his quiet inward laugh. "It is a very good quality in a man to have a trout stream."

"But seriously," said Sir James, whose vexation had not yet spent itself, "don't you think the rector might do some good by speaking?"

"Oh, I told you beforehand what he would say," answered Mrs. Cadwallader, lifting up her eyebrows. "I have done what I could: I wash my hands of the marriage."

"In the first place," said the rector, looking rather grave, "it would be nonsensical to expect that I could convince Brooke, and make him act accordingly. Brooke is a very good fellow, but pulpy; he will run into any mould, but he won't keep shape."

"He might keep shape long enough to defer the marriage," said Sir James.

"But, my dear Chettam, why should I use my influence to Casaubon's disadvantage, unless I were much surer than I am that I should be acting for the advantage of Miss Brooke? I know no harm of Casaubon. I don't care about his Xisuthrus and Fee-fo-fum and the rest; but then he doesn't care about my fishing-tackle. As to the line he took on the Catholic Question, that was unexpected; but he has always been civil to me, and I don't see why I should spoil his sport. For any thing I can tell, Miss Brooke may be happier with him than she would be with any other man."

"Humphrey! I have no patience with you. You know you would rather dine under the hedge than with Casaubon alone. You have nothing to say to each other."

"What has that to do with Miss Brooke's marrying him? She does not do it for my amusement."

"He has got no good red blood in his body," said Sir James.

"No. Somebody put a drop under a magnifying-glass, and it was all semicolons and parentheses," said Mrs. Cadwallader.

"Why does he not bring out his book, instead of marrying?" said Sir James, with a disgust which he held warranted by the sound feeling of an English layman.

"Oh, he dreams foot-notes, and they run away with all his brains. They say, when he was a little boy, he made an abstract of 'Hop-o'-my-Thumb,' and he has been making abstracts ever since. Ugh! And that is the man Humphrey goes on saying that a woman may be happy with."

"Well, he is what Miss Brooke likes," said the rector. "I don't profess to understand every young lady's taste."

"But if she were your own daughter?" said Sir James.

"That would be a different affair. She is *not* my daughter, and I don't feel called upon to interfere. Casaubon is as good as most of us. He is a scholarly clergyman, and creditable to the cloth. Some Radical fellow, speechifying at Middlemarch, said Casaubon was the learned straw-chopping incumbent, and Freke was the brick-and-mortar incumbent, and I was the angling incumbent. And upon my word, I don't see that one is worse or better than the other." The rector ended with his silent laugh. He always saw the joke of any satire against himself. His conscience was large and easy, like the rest of him: it did only what it could do without any trouble.

Clearly, there would be no interference with Miss Brooke's marriage through Mr. Cadwallader; and Sir James felt with some sadness that she was to have perfect liberty of misjudgment. It was a sign of his good disposition that he did not slacken at all in his intention of carrying out Dorothea's design of the cottages. Doubtless this persistence was the best course for his own dignity: but pride only helps us to be generous; it never makes us so, any more than vanity will help us to be witty. She was now enough aware of Sir James's position with regard to her to appreciate the rectitude of his perseverance in a landlord's duty, to which he had at first been urged by a lover's complaisance, and her pleasure in it was great enough to count for something even in her present happiness. Perhaps she gave to Sir James Chettam's cottages all the interest she could spare from Mr. Casaubon, or rather from the symphony of hopeful dreams, admiring trust, and passionate self-devotion which that learned gentleman had set playing in her soul. Hence it happened that in the good baronet's succeeding visits, while he was beginning to pay small attentions to Celia, he found himself talking with more and more pleasure to Dorothea. She was perfectly unconstrained and without irritation toward him now, and he was gradually discovering the delight there is in frank kindness and companionship between a man and a woman who have no passion to hide or confess.

SEA-WEED.

Among the most remarkable homes of the marine flora, sailors have noticed some, the importance of which is out of all proportion with what is seen in other seas. These banks of fucæ spread over the surface of the water like meadows, on the greensward of which the foot might seem safely to tread, so thick and solidly bound together are they. Every sailor knows the one which is situated between the Azores, the Canary Islands, and the Cape de Verd. Had Columbus listened to the murmurs of his crews, when sailing in this strange sea, which hindered his advance, he would have turned back to Spain, and the New World would not then have been discovered, so alarmed were they at so strange a phenomenon. Another mass nearly as considerable—that is, about six times the size of France—extends itself in the Pacific Ocean not far from the Californian coast. The sea-weeds come from all parts; torn from the shores of many lands, and carried by marine currents or the action of the waves, they form enormous vegetable banks, which float on the surface of the waters, carrying from one hemisphere to the other myriads of every kind of insects, and, when settled down in calm waters, become centres of life and reproduction unsurpassed by the immense forests of the tropics. Nor is it only on the surface of the waters that sea-weeds are found in every latitude: the submarine flora has many representatives of this rich family, which, from the little ectocarpus, which carpets the ground, to the gigantic fucus, many hundreds of yards in length, live in marshes, lakes, rivers, and oceans. There is scarcely any shore where these are not to be found; but it is more particularly on the coasts of the Pacific Ocean that the diver can contemplate this undergrowth in all its magnificence—equaling in richness the landscapes of the tropical zones. Their forms, colors, and undulations are without parallel. Myriads of the little confervæ are pressed together in immense prairies, like a velvet-pile carpet, shaded with every imaginable green, set off here and there by the ample leaves of the sea-lettuce, or dyed with the scarlet light thrown by the floating iridiæ. Then come the great thalassiophytes, with their fans of red, green, or yellow leaves; above are the supple ribbons of the laminariæ, and the tall stem of another, which is garnished by a collar of fringe, and ends in one immense leaf fifteen yards in length. Last of all, rises, from the midst of smaller growth, like the palm-tree in the forest, the superb nereocystus, whose immense stem swells gradually into a club, and is crowned by a tuft of ribbon leaves, exciting admiration by their soft and graceful undulations.

It is not difficult to imagine the effect which the least agitation of the waves must produce on these long and supple plants, but almost impossible to describe the fugitive tints which adorn this moving picture, when the rays of the sun, breaking through the waves, vivify the different colors which mingle and harmonize in the deep waters. Then all the living creatures must be depicted which animate these submarine landscapes: a thousand crabs traveling amidst the green ulva, shoals of sea-dogs or columns of silver herring gliding through the madrepores, the brilliant sea-anemone flourishing on the reefs, or the blue bell of some medusa drawing its tentacles among the long ribbons of the laminariæ.

In the economy of nature sea-weeds play no unimportant part. If we look back to that distant period of the world's history when the scarcely cold crust of the earth was covered by water, we find the remains of the primordial protococcus in the lukewarm waters, the simple globules of which were preparing to cover the whole of the world. As the higher summits emerged into the light of day, they were covered with the first layer of earth or mud, arising from decomposed sea-weeds. To the present time, they continue to lay the foundation, at the bottom of oceans, lakes, and rivers, of that fruitful detritus which successive generations of vegetable matter utilize so successfully. Independently of this, they have also an immediate and practical use; no poisonous sea-weeds are known; there are many kinds which furnish abundant alimentary resources, and others which are used on a vast scale in manufactures.